The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 161

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 163

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 166

THE READER—

The Kingsleys. By A. St. John Adcock 167

Some Memories of Herbert Spencer 173

Fanny Burney. By Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B. 177

NEW BOOKS—

Men of the Covenant. By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D. 179

The Wonderful Century 181

The Liberator. By Dr. William Barry 181

Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century 182

Studies in Irish History. By A. Macdonell 184

A Forgotten Artist 184

An Exposition of Dante's Inferno 185

Man's Place in the Universe. By Prof. Alex. Macalister 185

NOVEL NOTES—

Rebecca—Twelve Stories and a Dream—The Odd-Job Man—Borlase and Son—The Relentless City 186-8

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

The People of the Abyss—Adventures in Hiveland—The Wingless Psyche—The Adventurer in Spain—Bishop Butler—The Apocryphal and Legendary Life of Christ—Etc., etc.... 188-90

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 190

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 192

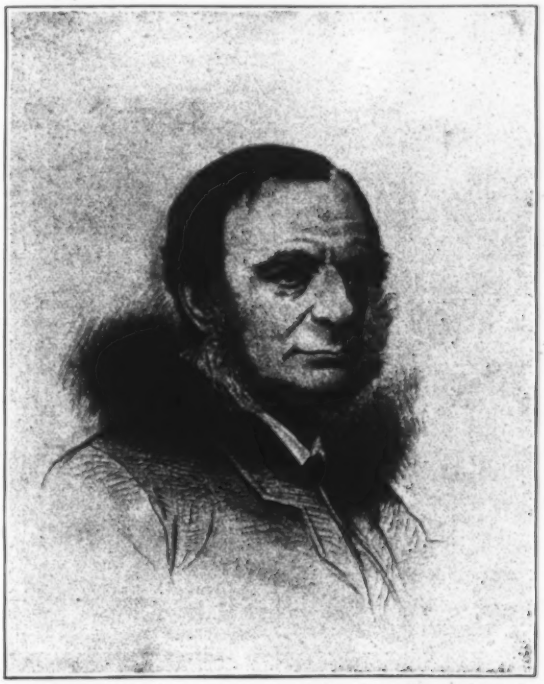
NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers a unique collection of pictures in the special Kingsley number of The Bookman, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for kind permission to reproduce numerous portraits and illustrations from their editions of Kingsley's Life and Works; to Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., for allowing us to include pictures from the novels of Charles and Henry Kingsley; to Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. for a drawing from "The Heroes"; to Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for an illustration from "Hypatia"; to the Art Union of London for a design by H. C. Selous from "Hereward the Wake"; to Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie and the Chiswick Press for the frontispiece to "Hypatia"; and to Mrs. St. Leger Harrison for her kindness in supplying originals of great interest, for permission to insert in our number portraits of herself, and for other assistance courteously afforded.



Engraved by C. H. Jeens from a Photograph.

Charles Kingsley.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

The cover of The Bookman is reproduced from a portrait of Charles Kingsley kindly supplied by Messrs Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

Mr. Rider Haggard has been busy during the year writing "A Garden Diary." The serial rights have been secured by the proprietors of the *Queen*, who will begin publishing it in January, and will continue it throughout the year. If "A Garden Diary" is half as good as "A Farmer's Year," it should greatly add to the interest of the *Queen*, already the best and most interesting of all periodicals appealing primarily to ladies.

We understand that the new series of Sherlock Holmes stories now being published in the *Strand Magazine* are to be continued beyond the number originally contemplated, and that it is hoped there will ultimately be twelve of them.

We hear that the sale of the late Mr. Seton Merriman's novel, "Barlasch of the Guard," in this country and in the colonies has now exceeded 40,000 copies. Strangely enough the title of the last novel which Mr. Merriman ever wrote is "The Last Hope." It will be published serially

in the *Illustrated London News*, beginning in January.

English authors and publishers will be interested to know that the Senate of the United States has recently referred to its Committee on Patents a Copyright Bill, introduced by Senator Platt, which is so worded that if it ultimately becomes law it will place English authors, so far as the U.S.A. are concerned, in the position in which they were prior to the passage of the Act of 1891. Will the Society of Authors please note?

Mrs. E. Nesbit is engaged on a new novel which promises to be as popular as "The Red House." The children's story, entitled "The Phœnix and the Carpet," which is at present appearing serially in the *Strand Magazine*, will be published in volume form some time next year.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish this spring a volume of sea stories from the pen of a new writer, Mr. Norman Duncan. Those who have read the advance pages of the work are enthusiastic in its praise. Mr. Frank T. Bullen is writing an introduction for the book.

Mr. Barry Pain is writing a book to which he has given the title "The Private Memoirs of Constantine Dix." The central character is a burglar of highly original character, and the book will consist of a series of episodes in a dramatic and adventurous career.

As soon as he has finished "Nostromo," the novel on which he is at present engaged, Mr. Joseph Conrad contemplates a visit to the Mediterranean to refresh his recollections of the scene in which his next book is to be laid. "Nostromo" is to be published serially in *T. P.'s Weekly* during this year.

The extraordinary success of "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller, is no doubt responsible for the publication of an authorised Life of Laura Bridgman, Dr. Samuel Howes's famous pupil. No full account of Dr. Samuel Howes's efforts to reach the shut-in mind of a blind deaf-mute has ever been published, but in this new work Dr. Howes's two daughters have at length given to the world their father's account of his marvellous system.

The Mother of Charles and Henry Kingsley.

Mrs. Kingsley was a remarkable woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm, keenly alive to the charms of scenery and highly imaginative in her younger days, as she was practical in maturer life. "My mother," wrote Charles Kingsley in 1865, "had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79) my father's passion for knowledge and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

Photo Blampey & Son, Ashburton. **Holne Vicarage.**

Where Charles Kingsley was born on the 12th of June, 1819.

"Charles Kingsley, son of Charles Kingsley, of Battramsley in the New Forest, was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, Devonshire. His family claimed descent from the Kingsleys of Kingsley, or Vale Royal, in Delamere Forest, and from Rannulph de Kingsley, whose name in an old family pedigree stands as 'Grantee of the Forest of Mara and Mondrem from Randall Meschines, ante 1128.'"—"Life of Charles Kingsley."

Mr. Arnold Bennett is writing a humorous novel, which will be ready for publication in the spring. Mr. Bennett has taken up his residence permanently in Paris, abandoning journalistic work in order that he may devote himself entirely to his books.

Mrs. Stuart Boyd's new novel is to be published in the early spring.

"The O'Ruddy," the romance on which Mr. Stephen Crane was engaged at his death, has now been finished by Mr. Robert Barr. It will be published serially in the *Idler* before its issue in volume form by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Randolph Bedford, whose novel, "True Eyes

and the Whirlwind," is being so well received by critics, is an Australian mining expert. His whole life has been spent among the scenes in which his story is laid, and except for occasional contributions to Australian journals, the present novel is Mr. Bedford's first literary venture.

Mr. W. L. Alden is spending the winter in Cairo, and while there will be busy writing a number of short stories for which he has commissions.

W. L. Alden, Louis Becke, Guy Boothby, Miss Braddon, F. T. Bullen, Mrs. Caffyn, Bernard Capes, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Fowler, Tom Gallon, R. Hichens, Headon Hill, Jerome K. Jerome, Rudyard Kipling, William Le Queux, Frankfort Moore, Max Pemberton, "Q," W. Clark Russell, Adeline Sergeant, Richard Whiteing, are a few of the many popular authors who are to contribute either stories, articles, or verse to the *Daily Mail* in the near future.

We understand that it is about twenty or twenty-five years since Mr. Richard Whiteing published his first novel, "Democracy," to which Mr. Justin McCarthy alluded in such eulogistic terms in a recent article in the *Daily Mail*.

Mrs. Caffyn, who is at present in Switzerland, is busy completing the MS. of her next new novel, which it is contemplated will be published in the spring of the new year.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome will spend the next few months in Brussels. He will return to his Wallingford home for the summer, and in the autumn of next year he is thinking of going to lecture in the United States.

The title of Mr. Robert Hichens' new novel will be "The Woman and the Fan." It will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the early part of the new year.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish this spring a new book by Mr. Barry Pain, entitled "Deals."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER 20TH TO DECEMBER 12TH, 1903.

Since the close of the last report a slight recurrence of comparative slackening has been experienced, but this has not given rise to any feeling of uneasiness, as it is customary for a lull to intervene before the usual rush immediately preceding the festival.

Certainly one of the especially marked features of the present season is the large number of biographies, the subjects of which have in the majority of cases a strong hold upon the imagination of the man in the street. "The Life of W. E. Gladstone," by John Morley, continues to attract many purchasers, and is without doubt the book of the season, the whole of the first edition of 20,000 copies being cleared; this, more especially when the price is taken into account, is colossal. Field-Marshal Wolseley's "Story of a Soldier's Life," following closely upon the report of the War Commission, excited much attention, and the many comments of the press brought it rapidly into request. Some difficulty has been experienced, however,

Photo W. M. Harrison, Falmouth. **Helston Grammar School.**

Showing the entrance porch, which remains unchanged since 1832, when Charles Kingsley went to school at Helston.

"For all his good qualities, Charles was not popular as a schoolboy. He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours. He did not consciously snub those who knew less, but a good deal of unconscious snubbing went on; all the more resented, perhaps, because it was unconscious. Then, too, though strong and active, Charles was not expert at games. He never made 'a score' at cricket. In mere feats of agility and adventure he was among the foremost."—Letter from the Rev. R. C. Powles to Mrs. Kingsley.

in securing an adequate supply, owing to the recent fire in one of the principal binding establishments. "Recollections of a Royal Academician," by J. C. Horsley, and "Grain or Chaff?" by A. Chichele Plowden, have sold freely, whilst Sir F. C. Burnand's Recollections and the Creevy Papers have continued to move briskly.

Dean Pigou's "Odds and Ends" has been constantly in request.

The death of Mr. H. Seton Merriman has led to an increased demand for his already popular "Barlasch of the Guard," and has resulted in a revived interest in several of his previous works.

Children's books of all descriptions are now moving rapidly, and there are many beautiful lines on the market which, whilst avoiding the absurd grotesqueness of former years, are at the same time redolent of humour. The various illustrated stories of the popular series from several of the leading houses are enjoying a rapid sale.

Two of the most notable of our hardy annuals are again before the public, Whitaker's Annual and the

Daily Mail Year Book. The former appears to increase in favour yearly, whilst the latter does not appear to suffer any diminishment, although the published price is this year increased.

Rudyard Kipling's "The Five Nations" is still going strongly.

The series of superbly illustrated volumes, issued at 20s. net, and including "The Durbar," by Mortimer Menpes, and "Happy England," by Mrs. Allingham, are much in favour. Large numbers of the various pocket libraries, such as the World's Classics, New Century Library, and the Library of Standard Biographies, have been disposed of, and many of the various issues, more especially in the leather bindings, appear to form some of the leading popular items for gifts. Mention must be made of the Crown Imperial Series, which bids fair to be very successful.

The magazine trade has this month been exceedingly heavy, most of the leading issues having for the time doubled their size. The usual Christmas issues of popular periodicals are also moving freely, but the sales of many have somewhat lessened of late years, and it is evident that the extremely large coloured plate supplement is falling out of favour to a great extent.

The following list of books which have been most in demand during the past month is rather lengthy, but it will hardly suffer curtailment.

From a Drawing by Bertha Newcombe. **Alton Locke.**

"I sprung on the stone and entreated a few minutes' attention, telling them that I was a deputation from one of the London Chartist committees. This seemed to turn the stream of their thoughts, and they gaped in stupid wonder at me, as I began hardly less excited than themselves.

. . . . . .

"But I had no time to finish. The murmur swelled into a roar for 'Bread! Bread!' My hearers had taken me at my word."

(Reproduced from "Alton Locke," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

Six Shilling Novels.

Barlasch of the Guard. By H. Seton Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin. (Hutchinson.)
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)
The M.S. in a Red Box. Anon. (Lane.)
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
The Long Night. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
The Yellow Van. By R. Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
A Passage Perilous. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Harper.)
Rachel Marr. By Morley Roberts. (Nash.)
Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden. (W. Blackwood.)
Dr. Xavier. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Barbe of Grand Bayou. By J. Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Boy Galloper. By The Intelligence Officer. (W. Blackwood.)
Her Own People. By B. M. Croker. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Uther and Igraine. By W. Deeping. (Richards.)

Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley. 3 Vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Creevy Papers. By Sir H. Maxwell. 2 Vols. 31s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
Story of a Soldier's Life. By Viscount Wolseley. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Constable.)
Odds and Ends. By Dean Pigou. 16s. (E. Arnold.)
Burnand (Sir F. C.), Records and Reminiscences. 25s. net. (Methuen.)
Recollections of a Royal Academician. By J. C. Horsley. 12s. net. (J. Murray.)
De Blowitz Memoirs. 15s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Life of Father Dolling. By C. E. Osborne. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Kipling (Rudyard), The Five Nations. 6s. (Methuen.)
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
People of the Abyss. By Jack London. 6s. (Isbister.)
Golliwogg's Circus. By B. and F. K. Upton. 6s. (Longmans.)
Mr. Punch's New Book for Children. 6s. (Bradbury.)
Phil May's Sketches. 2s. 6d. and 4s. net. (Bradbury.)
Grant Richards' Annual. 5s. (Richards.)
The Durbar. By Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes. 20s. net. (Black.)
Happy England. By Mrs. H. Allingham. 20s. net. (Black.)
Many volumes in the various Pocket Libraries.
"Daily Mail" Year Book. 1s. 6d. net. (Office.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. and 2s. 6d. net. (Whitaker.)
Almanacks, Calendars, and Diaries.
Christmas Numbers of Magazines and Periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending.
Nov. 21—A slight falling off in the Home Trade.
,, 28—A firmer market. Export brisk.
Dec. 5—Orders from the provinces very heavy.
,, 12—A satisfactory demand in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

NOVEMBER 18TH TO DECEMBER 14TH, 1903.

The most noteworthy feature of the business done during the time under review was the remarkably steady

From a Drawing by Herbert Railton.

St. Luke's Rectory, Chelsea.

"The Rectory of Chelsea, which still presents itself to view, surrounded by a high wall, not far from the old church in that classic district of London, has a history. If only the house possessed the autobiographical gift, it could tell far more interesting stories than mine of a famous family. Old Mr. Kingsley, who moved from Clovelly to Chelsea in 1836, lived here for several years, and during that time his sons Charles and Henry must have gone through quite a world of varied experience in the picturesque house with its still more picturesque garden."—"Memoir of Henry Kingsley," by Clement Shorter.

(Reproduced from "The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

sale for Mr. Morley's "Life of W. E. Gladstone." It was fully expected, of course, that such a work by so brilliant a writer would be popular in Scotland, but the calculations of the booksellers proved to be inadequate, as repeated orders were received after publication from unexpected quarters.

Mention must be made of the interest excited by the publication of Lord Wolseley's book entitled "The Story of a Soldier's Life," and the success it gained; and of the many enquiries received for Mr. Merriman's works owing to his lamented and unexpected death.

Religious books are usually prominent at this season of the year, and the following were noticeable as specially in request:—"Work," by Rev. Hugh Black; "The Atonement and the Modern Mind," by Professor Denney; a Christmas booklet, entitled "The Face of the Master," by Dr. Miller; "The Kinsfolk and Friends of Jesus," by Rev. R. C. Gillie; "The Apostle Paul," by Dr. Whyte; and "Men of the Covenant," by Alexander Smellie, a story of the Scottish Church in the years of persecution, a theme always of thrilling interest in Scotland. The appearance of such a notable book as the late Professor Davidson's "Old Testament Prophecy" should also be mentioned in this connection.

Annuals and almanacs formed a considerable part of the orders received, and of these the following were the most successful:—Whitaker's Almanac, the *Daily Mail* Year Book, "Who's Who" (for which there was quite an exceptional demand), and the old favourite *Punch's* Almanac, as bright as ever.

The continued controversy on the fiscal questions brought with it quite a literature of itself, and the speeches by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith were very noticeable in pamphlet form, but perhaps the most popular of these handbooks was that entitled "All Sides of the Fiscal Controversy," which sold readily.

As Christmas gifts to children, *Punch's* "Book for Children," and "The Japanese Fairy Book," were found suitable, and such favourites as "Chatterbox" and "The Prize" volumes obtained ready purchasers.

The most popular six-shilling novel was "The Heart of Rome," by F. M. Crawford, and at three shillings and sixpence, "Odd Craft," by W. W. Jacobs, a book of humorous sketches, took the first place.

Magazines, although mostly published at double their usual price, bulked largely in the month's business, especially *The Windsor*, *The Woman at Home*, *Chambers's Journal*, and chiefly *Cassell's Magazine*, which early went out of print.

The list of best selling books is as follows:—

The Life of W. E. Gladstone. By John Morley. 3 Vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Story of a Soldier's Life. By Lord Wolseley. 2 Vols. 32s. net. (Constable.)
Work. By Rev. Hugh Black. 2s. 6d. (Hodder.)
The Face of the Master. By Dr. J. R. Miller. 1s. (Hodder.)
Sunrise. By Rev. G. H. Morrison. 5s. (Hodder.)
The Simple Life. By Charles Wagner. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)

A sketch made by Charles Kingsley whilst staying in the eastern counties, and posted home to his daughter, by whose kind permission it is now reproduced for the first time.

Men of the Covenant. By Alex. Smellie. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
The Carlyle Country. By J. M. Sloan. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Japanese Fairy Book. 6s. net. (Constable.)
Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature. Vol. III. 10s. (Chambers.)
Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. 21s. (Ward and Lock.)
The Apostle Paul. By Dr. Whyte. (Oliphant.)
All Sides of the Fiscal Controversy. 1s. net. (Laurence and Butler.)
Who's Who, 1904. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Punch's New Book for Children. 6s. (Bradbury.)

Six Shilling Novels.

The Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
Barbe of Grand Bayou. By J. Oxenham. (Hodder.)
A Passage Perilous. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood.)
The Yellow Van. By R. Whiteing. (Hutchinson.)
Dr. Xavier. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder.)
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JANUARY 5—FEBRUARY 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

January 5th.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Misrule of Three, 6s....(Fisher Unwin)

January 6th.

DRUMMOND, JAMES.—The Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel, 10s. 6d. ..... (Williams and Norgate)
CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Remembrance, 6s. ... (John Long)
WINTER, JOHN STRANGE.—Sly Boots, 6s. ..... (John Long)
BAYLISS, HELEN.—Slaves of Passion, 6s. ..... (John Long)
COBBAN, JAMES MACLAREN.—The Iron Hand, 6s. (John Long)
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—Devastation, 6s....(John Long)

January 7th.

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Yellow Diamond, 6s....(Methuen)
Analysis of the Hunting Field. (Illustrated Pocket Library.) 3s. 6d net ..... (Methuen)
WALTERS, H. B.—Greek Art (Little Books on Art), 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
MILLAR, G. G.—Business Success, 1s. ..... (Walter Scott Co.)
HICKS, W. SEARLE.—Quis Separabit, 5s. 6d. (Walter Scott Co.)
REED, ARCHIBALD.—Bruce's School, 6s. 6d. (Walter Scott Co.)
RYDBERG, VIKTOR.—Singoalla, 7s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott Co.)
RENTOUL, DR. R. REID.—Proposed Sterilisation of Certain Mental and Physical Degenerates, 1s. ... (Walter Scott Co.)

January 11th.

BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Lady of the Island. Illustrated. 5s. (John Long)
SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Through Sorrow's Gates, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

January 12th.

YORKE, CURTIS.—Delphine, 6s. ..... (John Long)
HAGGARD, LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW.—A Canadian Girl, 6s. (John Long)
PICKERING, PERCIVAL.—Toy Gods, 6s. ..... (John Long)

January 13th.

HERMANN, PROF. W.—Faith and Morals (Crown Theological Library) ..... (Williams and Norgate)
HERFORD, REV. R. TRAVERS.—Christianity in Talmud and Medrash, 18s. net. ..... (Williams and Norgate)

January 14th.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The American Prisoner, 6s....(Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE (Edited by W. J. Craig).—Love's Labour Lost. As You Like It. Illustrated. (Little Quarto Shakespeare.) 1s. each net. ..... (Methuen)
HENDERSON, T. F.—Robert Burns (Little Biographies), 3s. 6d. and 4s. net ..... (Methuen)
McDERMOTT, E. R.—Railways (Books on Business Series), 2s. net ..... (Methuen)
SUTRO, ALFRED.—The Foolish Virgins, 1s. ..... (Chatto)
BARRETT, FRANK.—A Prodigal's Progress, 3s. 6d. ... (Chatto)

January 15th.

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—Stromboli and the Guns, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)
SMART, HAWLEY.—Courtship, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

January 18th.

ALEXANDER, MRS.—Kitty Costello, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
The Best Plays of Thomas Middleton. 2 vols. Introduction by A. C. Swinburne. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)

January 20th.

MORTIMER, REV. A. G., D.D.—The Church's Lessons for the Christian Year. Part II. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Skeffington)
JAMES, REV. M. H., LL.D.—Death, and What Then? 2s. (Skeffington)
"A MISSION PRIEST."—Unbelief in Christian England, 2s. 6d. (Skeffington)
MEADE, L. T.—Nurse Charlotte, 6s. ..... (John Long)
DIEHL, ALICE M.—Entrapped, 6s. ..... (John Long)

January 21st.

RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—Abandoned, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
SKETCHLEY, R. E. D.—George Frederick Watts (Little Books on Art), 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
WALTON, IZAAK, and CHARLES COTTON.—The Complete Angler (Illustrated Pocket Library), 3s. 6d. net.....(Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Vicomte de Bragelonne (Methuen)
BOULTON, E. S.—Geometry on Modern Lines, 2s. ... (Methuen)
BURGESS, GELETT, and WILL IRWIN.—The Picaroons, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
DONOVAN, DICK.—Wanted. New edition. 2s. ..... (Chatto)

January 22nd.

FORMAN, JUSTUS MILES.—Monsigny, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
WILSON-BARRETT, ALFRED.—The French Master, 6d. (Ward, Lock)

January 25th.

BARR, AMELIA E.—Thyra Parrick, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
RUSKIN, JOHN.—The Library Edition of Ruskin's Works. Edited by E. T. Cook and H. Wedderburn. Vol. X. The Stones of Venice. Vol. II. (7th vol. in order of issue.) Illustrated. 21s. net ..... (George Allen)

January 26th.

Various.—The Literary Year-Book. Edited by Henry Gilbert. 5s. net ..... (George Allen)

January 27th.

MAETERLINCK.—Monna Vanna. Translated by Alfred Sutro. 3s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)

January 28th.

MANN, MARY E.—A Lost Estate, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
GEAKE, CHARLES, and F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.—John Bull's Adventures in the Fiscal Wonderland, 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
SCHMITT, JOHN (Editor).—The Chronicle of Morea (Byzantine Texts), 15s. net ..... (Methuen)
OWEN, DOUGLAS.—Ports and Docks (Books on Business), 2s. net ..... (Methuen)
LUCAS, E. V. (Editor).—Lamb's Works. Vol. IV. 7s. 6d. (Methuen)
MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE.—V.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barford, 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)

January 29th.

TILTON, DWIGHT.—On Satan's Mount, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
LYNCH, LAWRENCE L.—The Detective's Daughter, 6d. (Ward, Lock)

January 30th.

WHISHAW, FRED.—Countess Ida, 6s. ..... (John Long)
FORSTER, R. H.—In Steel and Leather, 6s. ..... (John Long)
GRIFFITH, GEORGE.—A Criminal Croesus, 6s. ... (John Long)

February 1st.

FARRAR, R. A., M.D.—The Life of Dean Farrar, 6s. net (Nisbet and Co.)
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Nyria, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
The Best Plays of John Dryden. 2 vols. Edited by George Saintsbury. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net ... (Fisher Unwin)
SIMS, GEORGE R.—Young Mrs. Caudle, 1s. ..... (Chatto)

February 2nd.

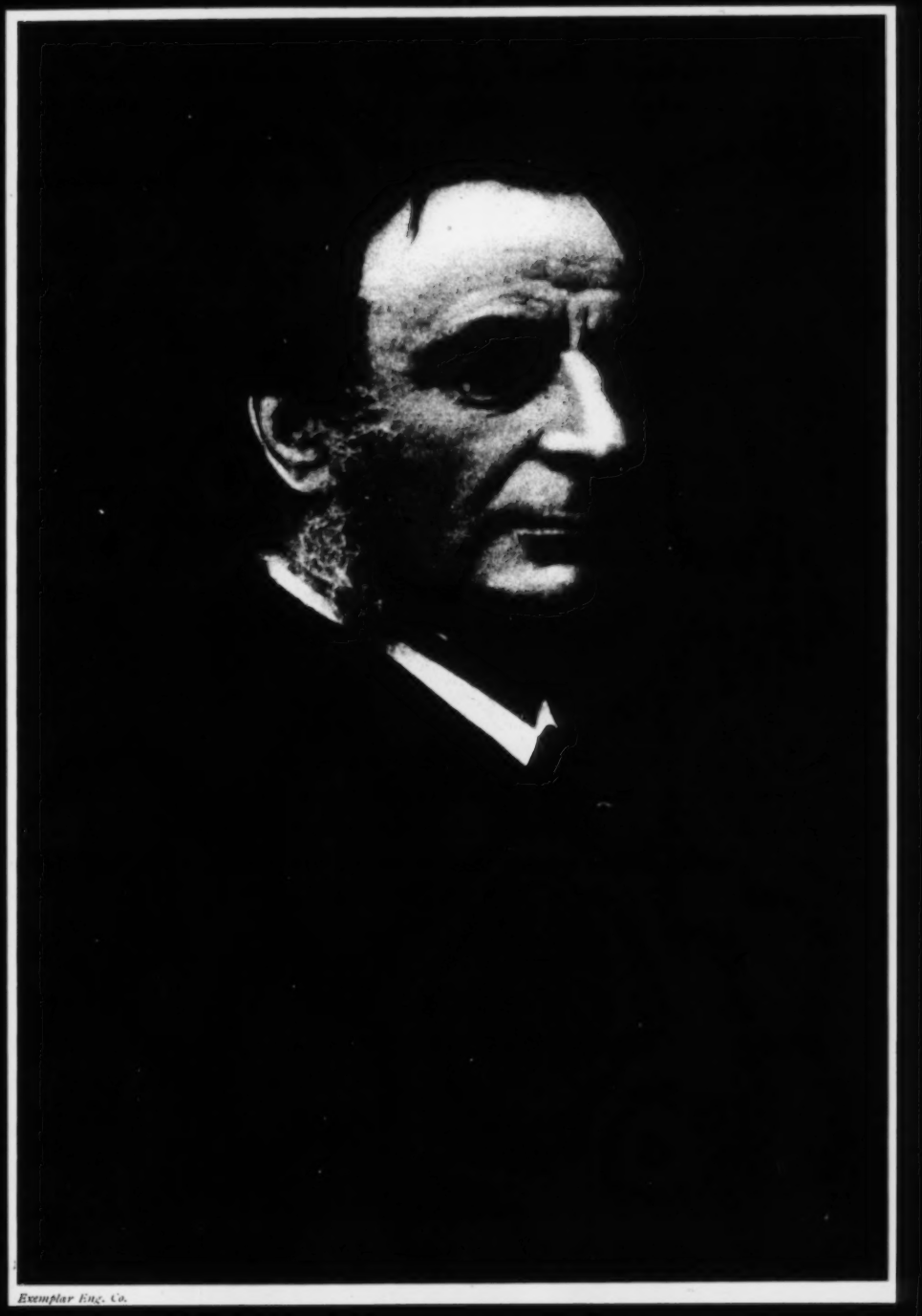
DALGLEISH, FLORENCE (Compiler).—Daily Pickings from Pickwick, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Long)

February 4th.

MARSH, RICHARD.—Garnered, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
ALKEN, HENRY.—The National Sports of Great Britain (Royal Folio), £5 5s. net ..... (Methuen)
HART, H. C. (Editor).—The Merry Wives of Windsor (Arden Shakespeare), 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
ELLIS, HAVELOCK.—Man and Woman, 6s. ... (Walter Scott Co.)

February 5th.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Westward Ho! Portrait and Illustrations. Vol. IV. John Long's Library of Modern Classics. 2s. net and 3s. net ..... (John Long)
MEADE, L. T.—Silenced, 5s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
BALLANTYNE, R. M.—Gorilla Hunters, 1s. 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
LYNCH, LAWRENCE L.—A Slender Clue, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)



Exemplar Eng. Co.

The Reader.

THE KINGSLEYS.

By A. St. John Adcock.

OBJECTION was made the other day, in one of the literary weeklies, to the inclusion of a biography of Charles Kingsley in the "English Men of Letters" series, on the ground that he was really only a parson who wrote novels. One might as rationally urge that Bacon was only a lawyer who wrote essays, or, to say nothing of many another, that Milton was only a schoolmaster who wrote epics, and brought so much of the pedagogue to his work, moreover, that in "Paradise Lost," as Pope said,

> "In quibbles angels and archangels join,
> And God the Father turns a school divine."

This idea that the writer of novels should never be anything but a novelist is a curious misconception that one had hoped was long since dead and buried. If the novelist knows something of life as well as of literature, if he has actually lived the life he sets himself to write about, this is all so much to the good; it is every way a better preparation, and generally more fruitful of results than if, empty of experience, he has been for a week or two merely to look on at such life, with a pencil and a note-book and an eye for local colour. Why a man may not be a parson as well as a novelist, and why, from that standpoint, he may not introduce something of morality or religion into his work without ceasing, as a matter of course, to count as an artist, are mysteries that we may safely leave unplumbed. After all, religion is as much a part of life as is crime, or marriage, or death, or perilous adventure, and, if we are to be so very particular, it may even be doubted whether the novel that wholly ignores it is not as untrue and therefore as artistically faulty as the novel that is burdened with too much of it.

Howbeit, there is nothing of the parson in most of Kingsley's poems, in "Westward Ho!" or in "Hereward the Wake"; and if he intrudes it in the other four novels it was because Kingsley could not otherwise have been true to himself or his art. His own life was strenuous and purposeful; he lived and laboured through a great social revolution, in a generation that was profoundly agitated by doubts and obstinate spiritual questionings that do not so poignantly trouble our own, among men and women who, like himself, were almost terribly in earnest, and in his books he has simply mirrored this world that he knew. The problems he deals with in them were the problems that he and those around him were dealing with in their everyday existence, and in allowing them to bulk largely in the stories he had to tell he was not so much a parson as a conscientious realist.

Born on the 12th June, 1819, in his father's vicarage at Holne, near Dartmoor; educated at Clifton School, then at Helston, under Hartley Coleridge, and later passing from King's College, London, to Magdalene College, Cambridge, there were no deprivations in Charles Kingsley's early life to account for his understanding of and passionate sympathy with the poor and the defeated; and the rest of his career, from his appointment as curate of Eversley to the end, was very much of a triumphal progress, as parish priest and church dignitary, as poet, novelist, naturalist, and resolute social reformer.

In 1844, he married Fanny St. Leger Grenfell, and was happy in his marriage as in nearly everything else. He first made her acquaintance while he was holiday-making in 1839, and was wont to declare that "the day he met her was his real wedding-day." Before meeting her he had been entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and thought of adopting the law as a profession; he had felt the Romeward pull of the Oxford movement, and was so troubled with religious uncertainties that he had been tempted to throw up everything, quit England, and, as he said, become a wild prairie hunter. He confessed his doubts, and took counsel with her, and, her influence winning him to a quieter frame of mind, he came, by degrees, to see his way clear, and was drawn irresistibly back to the Anglican Church.

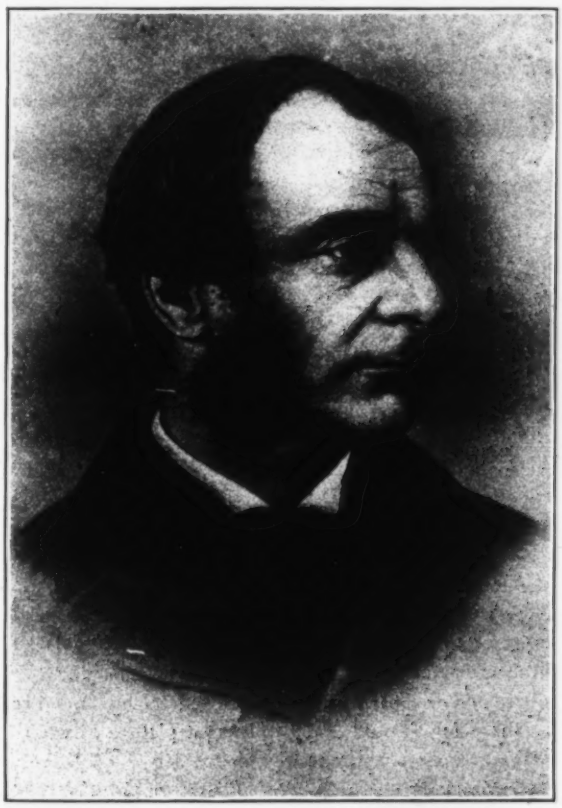


Photo Elliott & Fry. **Charles Kingsley.**

He kept up the breezy, open-air habits he had formed at college, riding, fishing, and walking long distances, whenever his many and arduous duties left him leisure for such indulgences. For walking,

Hypatia.

"She shook herself free from her tormentors, and springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, snow-white against the dusky mass around—shame and indignation in those wide clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long white arm was stretched upward toward the great still Christ, appealing—and who dare say, in vain?—from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak; but the words that should have come from them reached God's ear alone."—"Hypatia."

(Reproduced from G. Stuart Ogilvie's play "Hypatia," by kind permission of the author and of the Chiswick Press.)

indeed, there was probably no lack of opportunities, Eversley being a straggling parish comprising three scattered hamlets on the skirts of old Windsor forest. There, both as curate and as rector, he acquired a remarkable ascendancy over the "broom-squires," poachers, and gypsies of the district by reason of his addiction to sport and his fierce hatred of the tyranny of the game laws; and he won the confidence and the goodwill of the more law-abiding and respectable of his parishioners by his friendly readiness to lend a hand in the hayfield or to swing a flail in the barn, by the generous, practical interest he displayed in them and their affairs. His zeal for reform did not exhaust itself in lectures and novels with a purpose. He anticipated the National Schools by founding a cottage school for infants, a writing class for girls in his empty coach house, free evening classes at the rectory for illiterate labouring men, and had as many as thirty such attending regularly to be taught. Also, he inaugurated classes for the improvement of the church music; and withal made nothing of going periodically to one or other of the distant hamlets to hold a service there for the old and feeble folk who were past tramping the long journey to church.

All over England, in those days, the Chartist agitation was beginning to make itself heard and felt; and Kingsley, with his zeal for humanity and his intimate knowledge of the wrongs and the needs of the rural poor, was soon quickened into active sympathy with it. "So vividly did he realise the sufferings of the poor," says one who knew him, "so keenly did he feel what he deemed the callousness and incompetence of the Government and the mass of the upper classes to alleviate them, that at times he seemed to look with trembling for the coming of great and terrible social convulsions, of a 'day of the Lord,' such as Isaiah looked for, as the inevitable fate of a world grown evil yet governed still by a righteous God." Something of this feeling inspired him with his luridly prophetic lyric, "The Day of the Lord," and it was in these circumstances, when the people were starving under the corn laws, and the distress and revolt and desperation of the lower classes were increasing ominously all about him, that he sat down to write "Yeast."

He wrote it with the passion and the power of complete conviction. It was written, says his wife, "with his heart's blood—no book ever took so much out of him." As a result, his health collapsing, he was ordered to Bournemouth for rest, and it was whilst he loitered about the shore there that the idea came to him of writing "an autobiography of a Cockney Poet," which developed later into the story of "Alton Locke."

His illness and the cost of certain repairs necessitated by the insanitary state of his rectory having involved him in heavy expenses, he was driven to take pupils, on his return home, to avoid falling into debt. And at this time, when a cholera plague was raging in several parts of England, an epidemic of low fever broke out at Eversley, and Kingsley had his hands over-full of work again at once, ministering tirelessly to his sick parishioners, and even sitting up of nights to assist in the nursing of some of the poorer. It was not in his nature to spare himself, and he only relinquished his task when his health broke down under the strain again. No sooner was he recovered than, the cholera still speading, he threw himself heart and soul into a sanitary crusade, writing and lecturing in London and in the country against the iniquities of dirt and bad drainage, and advocating improvements in the housing of the people and in the general water supply.

Simultaneously, he was hard at work on "Alton Locke," and, naturally, the new novel afforded him another outlet for the emotion and righteous fury that actuated him in his struggle against the hardships and nameless abominations that poverty had to endure. He set himself to lay bare, in "Alton Locke," the deplorable condition of the London artisan, and of the broken, dehumanised creatures who slaved and sickened and died in the foul dens of the "sweater," as in "Yeast" he had disclosed to a scandalised public a faithful but not pleasant picture of what life meant for the agricultural labourer.

By the publication of "Yeast" he had made plenty of friends and enemies. It brought him into touch with

like-minded men of all classes, who rallied round him enthusiastically, eager to accept his leadership and support him in his endeavours; it loosed upon him, also, the scorn and detestation of men who, defending the existing state of things with any dirty weapon that happened to be nearest to hand, denounced his book as immoral and contemptuously dubbed its author an "Apostle of Socialism." So furious was the outcry against it that Parker, the publisher, considered it had injured his delicate reputation, and declined to have anything to do with "Alton Locke," which, on the recommendation of Carlyle (who praised the book though he considered it, on the whole, "crude—a fervid creation still left half chaotic"), was issued by Chapman and Hall, and yielded the author a modest £150.

In both these first novels the influence of Carlyle is sufficiently apparent; but a profounder, more dominant influence over him was that of Frederick Denison Maurice, whom he came in time to call "Master," though it is perhaps a little of an exaggeration to say that "his whole theology was drawn from Maurice, and his mission was to be a populariser of Maurice's principles."

During the Chartist agitation he was much in London, and joined actively with Maurice, Thomas Hughes, Stanley, and Froude in the propagation of Christian Socialism and a scheme of labour co-partnership; he preached and lectured on these things, contributed largely, under the pseudonym of "Parson Lot," to "The Christian Socialist," and "Politics for the People," and published his fiery pamphlet against "Cheap Clothes and Nasty." Through all this his fate was very much of what is reserved for the pioneers in every new movement: he was misunderstood, misinterpreted, and reviled for advocating views that in these days are considered comparatively ordinary and even orthodox. But they were so far from being considered so then that when he preached in a London church, by request, on "The Mission of the Church to the Labouring Man," he roused a good deal of hostile feeling in his hearers; the incumbent himself, who sat amongst them, rose in his place and protested against his teaching, and for a time, the Bishop of London forbade Kingsley to preach again in his diocese.

In "Hypatia" (1853), Kingsley was still busy with the problems of the hour, though his purpose was more glamorously disguised. He saw in the fifth century an analogous period of religious ferment and moral and intellectual revolt in the history of the Christian Church under the tyrannical rule of the decaying Roman Empire, and set himself to reveal to his own generation its "new foes with old faces." It was simply impossible that, born into such a portentous period, living and working in the thick of all the fighting and the tumult, he should close his ears to it, turn his back on it, and give himself up wholly to the writing of mere artistic love romances, or stories of quite imaginary people and circumstances that were outside the range of his own abundant and heart-felt personal experiences.

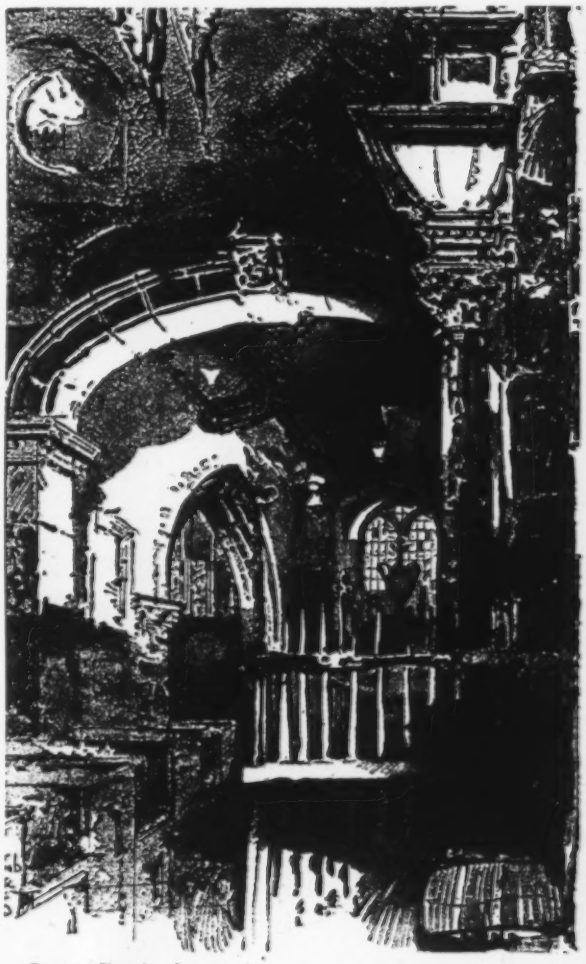
> "Be earnest, earnest, earnest; mad if thou wilt;
> Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
> And that thy last deed ere the judgment day. . . .
> Below, let work be death, if work be love!"

he had written in "The Saint's Tragedy," and this gospel of transcendent earnestness was certainly his ruling principle in whatever he undertook. Nor can one altogether agree that his convictions were more a matter of emotion than reason. At the outset, when he was staying, as a young man, at his father's rectory in Chelsea, the parish work there merely bored and disgusted him: he ridiculed the district visitors in his correspondence, and was repelled by what he heard of the meanness and uncleanness of the lives of the poor. For then he knew nothing of the disqualifications, the strivings and inner significance of those crippled and hampered existences, and sympathy comes only of knowledge; and not till he knew, and knew them intimately, was he consumed with pity of them and inspired to work for their betterment with that high and, perhaps, uncomfortable earnestness

> "which dare not trifle
> With life's huge stake."

He had said, with one of his characters in "The Saint's Tragedy,"

> "I will test these sorrows
> On mine own person; I have toyed too long
> In painted pinnace down the stream of life,
> Witched with the landscape, while the weary rowers
> Faint at the groaning oar."



From a Drawing by Herbert Railton.

Chelsea Old Church.

A scene closely connected with the youthful days of Charles and Henry Kingsley, and figuring largely in the latter's novel, "The Hillyars and the Burtons."

"Four hundred years of memory are crowded into that dark old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumber."

(Reproduced from "The Hillyars and the Burtons," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.)

Photo F. Mason Good. **Eversley Rectory from the Lawn.**

"The house itself was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, baling out the water in buckets for hours together; and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable . . . . gradually in the course of years the land was drained; the ponds which ran through the garden and stood above the level of the dwelling rooms were filled up, and the house was made less unhealthy."—"Life of Charles Kingsley."

and how the test wrought in him we know, for he lived these novels of his before he wrote them.

And all the while it was nothing but a compelling sympathy and a stern sense of duty that kept him unflinchingly at his task: at the back of his mind was a great longing to be out of the noise and whirl of it all, a dream of winning leisure and quiet for the fulfilment of other and long-cherished ambitions. "When I have done 'Hypatia,'" he wrote in 1852, "I will write no more novels. I will write poetry—not as a profession—but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do something that will live. I feel my strong faculty is the sense of form which till I took to poetry always came out in drawing; but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one."

But two years later, so far from abandoning fiction, he was finishing his greatest novel. Another breakdown in health had driven him into happy exile at Bideford, in Devon. There, with memories of Raleigh, and Greville, and many a kindred adventurous Elizabethan hero haunting the countryside about him, with news from the Crimea of the storming of Alma, the charge of the Light Brigade, filling the papers from day to day and wakening the national pride and spirit of the people as they had never been wakened since Waterloo, he was finding respite from the harassing social questions of the moment in the writing of "Westward Ho!" The war was never out of his thoughts, and he dipped his pen into the thrill and glow and excitement of it; he yearned, with his usual restless eagerness, to be out fighting with the gallant fellows in the trenches before Sevastopol, and in default of that, he fought, as he said, with his pen. He was not fighting, he added in one of his letters, "in controversy (I am sick of that), but am writing a book which will make others fight"—"a most ruthless, bloodthirsty book," he called it, and owned that the writing of it had done him much good.

"Westward Ho!" is admittedly the high-water mark of Kingsley's genius as a novelist; two other novels followed it, but neither "Two Years Ago," nor that stirring prose saga of the Fen country, "Hereward the Wake," are comparable with the four that preceded them. In these latter years, too, before the end came in 1875, besides several volumes of lectures and essays and miscellaneous writings, he published two notable little books that have an assured place among our minor classics: "The Heroes," a selection of stories from the Greek mythologies, which he dedicated to his three children, "Rose, Maurice, and Mary" (the last of whom is better known to most of us now as "Lucas Malet"), and that most delightful of fantasies, "The Water Babies."

Photo F. Mason Good. **Eversley Church.**

Charles Kingsley settled down, at the age of twenty-three, in Eversley, which remained his home for thirty-three years.

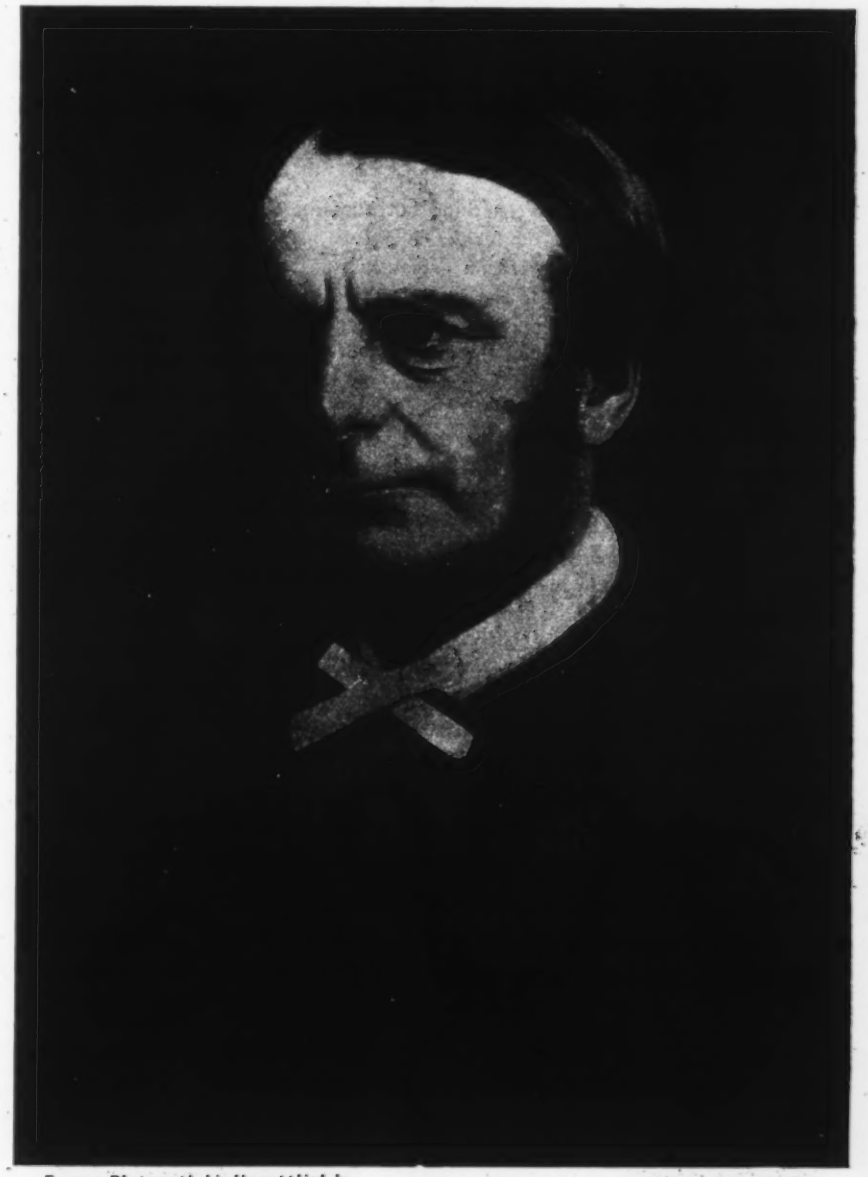
"The church, too, was nearly empty before he came in 1842. The farmers' sheep, when pasture was scarce, were turned into the neglected churchyard. Holy Communion was celebrated only three times a year; the communicants were few; the alms were collected in an old wooden saucer. . . . The evil results of such years of neglect could only be conquered by incessant labour, and the young rector's whole energies were devoted to the parish."—"Life of Charles Kingsley."

When the dust of his numerous controversies has all been laid, it is not as priest or reformer but as a brilliant historical romancist, as a novelist of certain vital phases of contempor-

ary England, and as a poet of strikingly original gifts that he will hold his place with the immortals. To match the best of his ballads, with their simple directness and tense dramatic force, you must go back to the great days of the old ballad writers; in "Andromeda" he has given us a glowingly imaginative poem, the least of whose merits is that its hexameters are, probably, the best in the language; and for "The Saint's Tragedy"—it would not be easy to name any historical drama more poignantly human, more vividly alive, or of higher poetical excellence since the days of Shakespere.

The common conception of Kingsley as an aggressive, somewhat ferocious person, delighting in conflict, pachydermatous himself, and careless of the pain he inflicted on an adversary, is grotesquely unlike the real man. The regrettable Newman episode is largely responsible for the creation of this false impression; but Kingsley's offensiveness in directing against Newman his assertion that "truth for its own sake had never been a motive with the Roman Catholic clergy" has been considerably exaggerated. It was regrettable, however, and Kingsley himself regretted it, though, since it moved Newman to write his "Apologia," we cannot bring ourselves to wish it had never happened. But in this, as in each of his many controversies, Kingsley was actuated more by a genuine sense of duty than by any natural inclination. The exponent of "muscular Christianity," as the *Saturday Review* called him, for all his spiritual energy, his love of sport and physical exercises, was no especially robust man, but was constantly failing in health under the exhausting strain of his arduous labours; and for all his hard hitting in the press and on the platform, he not only suffered agonies under adverse criticism, but shrank with a morbid sensitiveness from wounding another's feelings and from giving offence. His extreme nervousness was such that it affected him in conversation with a distressing stammer, but in preaching or lecturing he had an indomitable strength of will that enabled him to subdue this weakness entirely. He often spoke shamefacedly of "the weak terror I have of offending people," and lamented once to Thomas Hughes that he had been "trained to think first, not whether a thing was right or wrong, but what Lady A or Mrs. B would say about it," and it speaks volumes for his moral courage and integrity that he never permitted himself to yield to this natural timorousness, but made himself speak out whatever he honestly thought, at all risks.

Too much stress has been laid on the fact that in his closing years he abandoned or modified his democratic teachings and opinions. His enthusiasm abated, no doubt, but that was to be expected; the very excess of his fervent earnestness was bound to wear itself out, as it wore him out, at last, both in body and mind; and with this breaking up of his health, with the passing of years, the multiplication of other interests, the realisation of some of his aims, the unfaithfulness or the ingratitude of many for whom he had scorned delights and lived laborious days, some little cooling of the zeal, some



From a Photograph kindly supplied by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

Charles Kingsley.

Photo Roberts, Torquay. **Livermead Cottage.**

Charles Kingsley's residence at Torquay, 1853-4

The cottage was situated on a slight eminence above the bay where Kingsley loved to wander in search of marine curiosities.

"Once settled at Livermead, the father and children spent happy hours on the shore, bringing home treasures every afternoon from the rocks and sands, and from occasional dredging expeditions in Tor Bay, to be classified and arranged in the vivarium."—"Life of Charles Kingsley."

little slackening of the pace, were nothing but human, even had there been no other reason for the change.

And that there was another reason Kingsley sufficiently intimates in his preface to the fourth edition of "Yeast" (and the passage happens to be of peculiar value and interest just now, when there is talk of restoring the condition of things that he had seen and was thankful to have done away with): "The labourers, during the last ten years, are altogether better off," he writes. "Free Trade has increased their food, without lessening their employment. The politician who wishes to know the effect on agricultural life of that wise and just measure . . . will see it in the faces and figures of the school-children. He will see a rosier, fatter, bigger-boned race growing up which bids fair to surpass the puny and ill-fed generation of 1815-45."

Having a firm belief in heredity, Kingsley always held that he had inherited his gifts from his two parents: his mother, with a delicate fancy and a strain of sentiment, combined an extraordinary practical and administrative ability, and his father was "a magnificent man in body and mind, and said to possess every talent except that of using his talents." A fondness for sport and no inconsiderable faculty for painting and draughtmanship were an inheritance from his father that Kingsley shared with his two younger brothers, George and Henry; and to these two had descended also much of all those other talents, with more or less added of the one that the father had not.

Photo Roberts, Torquay. **Oddicombe Beach.**

Beloved by Charles Kingsley as happy hunting-ground.

"We can scarcely poke or pry for an hour among the rocks, at low water mark, or walk, with an observant, downcast eye, along the beach after a gale, without finding some oddly fashioned, suspicious-looking being, unlike any form of life that we have seen before. The dark concealed interior of the sea becomes thus invested with a fresh mystery; its vast recesses appear to be stored with all imaginable forms."—"Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore."

George Kingsley, who was born in 1827, and died in 1892, studied medicine and took his M.D., but is more generally known as a sportsman and a traveller. Like his elder brother, he was an ardent naturalist, and contributed to "The Field" over the signature of "The Doctor." He published some popular books of sport and travel (one in collaboration with the Earl of Pembroke), and in his medical capacity served as the model for Tom Thurnall in "Two Years Ago." Mary Kingsley, who became famous by her West African studies and travels, was his daughter.

The vague claim that is put forward now and then to the effect that Henry Kingsley's novels are greater than those of his brother Charles, and that the world will, by and by, be more interested in him than in the author of "Westward Ho!" and "Alton Locke," will not bear examination. It is a proof of the critic's sympathy rather than of his judgment. Henry Kingsley seems to have been a gentle, indecisive spirit, a most winning and lovable personality, very much of a ne'er-do-weel, who with no little of his eldest brother's artistic temperament and skill in narrative had nothing of his self-control, nothing of his deeper inspiration, or of his passion for work.

His father was rector of Barnack, Nottinghamshire, in January, 1830, when Henry Kingsley was born, but was appointed rector of Clovelly later in the year, and removed there with his family, going thence to be rector of Chelsea seven years afterwards. Educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford, Henry left his college in 1853, without taking his degree, and went with two fellow students out to the Australian goldfields. What little is known of him has been gathered by Mr. Clement Shorter into his admirable preface to "Geoffry Hamlyn," and it contrasts sharply with the splendidly successful career of his brother, Charles.

He was absent five years, and as he never talked freely of his sojourn in Australia it is impossible to say more of it with certainty than that the goldfields did not yield him a fortune, and that after serving for a while in the mounted police, he came back—a failure.

At Chelsea, during these five years, they had given him up for dead. Having no good news to send, he had neglected to write home, and on the night of his return he lingered for an hour outside his father's rectory, fearing to knock, lest he should be told that either of his parents was dead.

A year after his home-coming, he published what is, on the whole, his best novel, "Geoffry Hamlyn." It contains some graphic incidents and impressions of Australian experience, and as a true and characteristic story of early Australian life has yet to be surpassed. In "Ravenshoe" (1861) there is more humour and the characterisation is stronger, but the narrative interest is altogether inferior. His novels have not the imaginative intensity, the power of creating character and situation that give vitality to his brother's; they are, for the most part, loosely constructed, and slipshod in style, for he wrote in a hurry, writing them for a living.

He married Miss Haselwood in 1864, and they took up residence for the next five years at Wargrave-on-Thames, during which period he was frequently in London, and became a familiar figure about Fleet Street in the haunts of Bohemian journalism.

Financial embarrassments hampered him continuously, and in 1869 he was not sorry to go north and accept an appointment as editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. But within a year, he was tired of the close drudgery, and the proprietor was tired of his careless inefficiency, and the timely outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war offered him the chance of a change: he resigned, and went to the front as the *Review's* war correspondent, and was the first Englishman to enter Sedan after its fall.

On returning to London in 1872, he wrote his newest experiences into an indifferent novel called "Valentin; A Story of Sedan," and thereafter produced much further hasty and unequal fiction, but no book that can rank beside his first.

Leaving London again presently, he went to live with his wife at Cuckfield, in Sussex, and there, having endured a short illness with a cheerful and quiet courage, he died in May, 1876, and lies buried in Cuckfield Churchyard.

The three brothers had hardly anything in common except a sense of humour, a predilection for sport, and that talent for drawing of which mention has been made. "Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Harrison) recalls as Charles Kingsley's prevailing characteristic a certain gentleness and graciousness of look and manner that few of his published portraits adequately suggest: the keen, searching eyes, the lines about the mouth have a hardness in the pictured face that was never in the living features. She remembers George Kingsley as a man of a bluff heartiness, the most brilliant conversationalist of the three, and one of the wittiest of raconteurs; and Henry Kingsley as lively, generous, chivalrous, fond of children, who made an instant favourite of him—a modest, easy-going, ingenuous man of many friends and no enemies.

Photo Roberts, Torquay. **Livermead at half tide.**

"Past the fantastic rocks of Livermead, scooped by the waves into a labyrinth of double and triple caves, like Hindoo temples, upborne on pillars banded with yellow and white and red, a week's study, in form and colour and chiaro-oscuro, for any artist; and a mile or so further along a pleasant road, with land-locked glimpses of the bay, to the broad sheet of sand which lies between the village of Paignton and the sea."—"Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore."

That three members of the same family should achieve such distinction as they have is in itself uncommon enough to be accounted remarkable; and not less so is it that in the next generation, while the daughter of George Kingsley shared his inclination to travel and excelled him both as author and traveller, the daughter of Charles Kingsley has earned for the name of "Lucas Malet" an honoured place in the front rank of living English novelists.

SOME MEMORIES OF HERBERT SPENCER.

BY ONE OF A FAMILY WHOSE FRIEND HE WAS.

MY recollections of Mr. Herbert Spencer are closely linked with memories of a house in a pleasant London suburb, where, for many years, the Philosopher was a welcome guest. Only the other day I passed by those gates through which the tall figure had so often turned, and paused for a moment to look up at those windows behind the lime-trees—windows about which the Virginia creeper used to cling so luxuriantly. Many were the pleasant evenings spent in that balconied drawing-room, furnished by pre-Raphaelite design and with pre-Raphaelite treasure. In that room there was an always open piano, and beautiful voices, soprano and contralto; and a kind and brilliant hostess, the life and soul of her circle, surrounded by her bodyguard of husband and children and children-in-law. In that room much that was best and truest in the art and literature and philosophy of the London of that day used, once a week at least, to meet together, for recognition and sympathy and pleasant conversation.

In this circle, Mr. Herbert Spencer was specially honoured and indulged, as a fastidious, highly sensitive—I think the Scotch call it "pernickitty"—and yet a very lovable and richly companionable guest, on whose account everybody was habitually careful and considerate. Yet, such was his whimsically genial personality, that even the children of this household were not afraid of him. They, I am quite sure, never felt that

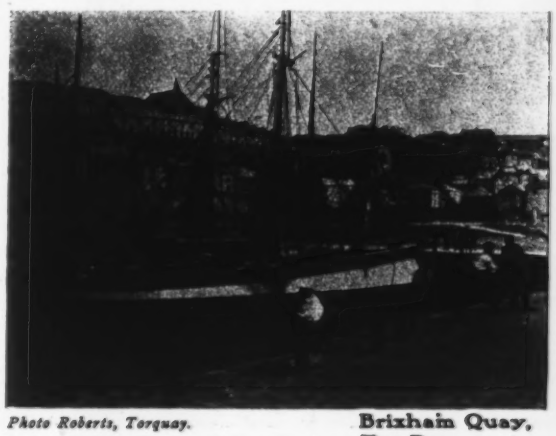


Photo Roberts, Torquay. **Brixham Quay, Tor Bay.**

From whence was drawn many a stalwart follower of Drake.

"The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head which marks his first footprints on British ground is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs."—"Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore."

Photo A. J. Sanders, Bideford. **North Down House, Bideford.**
Where Charles Kingsley lived in 1855, and commenced to write "Westward Ho!" Kingsley describes his surroundings at Bideford in the opening pages of the novel.

he was making his deductions from their little touches of nature! He seemed, when he came, to be less a visitor than one of the family circle, so quietly, with such observant, kindly alacrity did he recognise the individuality of each separate inmate, man, woman, or child, and himself fall into place, as it were, and take up, and guide—and dominate—the occupations, topics, and sympathies of the moment.

Mr. Spencer was in those days extremely fond of music, especially of trying over old songs and glees; and he had a good baritone voice. He would stand or sit behind the group at the piano—a trifle dictatorial, perhaps, in matters of time and style—but always ready to take a part in one or other of the songs that were specially kept for "when Mr. Spencer comes." "Love in thine Eyes" and "Drink to me Only" were among the songs for which Mr. Spencer, standing at the piano, would mark time with his forefinger; and among the trios, in which he himself took a part, were "The Friar of Orders Gray"—(I can still recall the portentous solemnity of the voice, "Lady, he's dead and gone!" in that old song)—and Bishop's trio, "Blow, Gentle Gales!" Ah, how they did blow!—till the trio at the piano broke off with merriment at the clear young soprano, "Hark! A Signal!" which usually, from a very desire to keep accurately to Mr. Spencer's rules of time, came a little too suddenly for Mr. Spencer's expectations—and nerves!

Part-songs, except one or two trios, were difficult of achievement, for want of a tenor voice; and great was the Philosopher's amusement, and irresistible the twinkle of his eyes, in sudden recognition of the situation, when his hostess one day turned upon him, amid the circle of fair young faces gathered about her at the piano, and asked him "if he could find for her a *harmless tenor?*"!

As Mr. Spencer marked time at the piano, so also was he inclined to mark and criticise such little inaccuracies of expression as would too often escape in the light-hearted talk of a happy family group. Once—and the memory is associated with rose-pink teacups and a rose-pink lamp-shade—Mr. Spencer took no little trouble to explain to the family assembled why it was so incorrect to ask for "half a cup of tea"; why it would be so much more satisfactory on all accounts to say "a *whole* cup, *half*-full of tea." And on yet another occasion, he described to a silent and dismayed circle of listeners, how the landlady of certain apartments at which he had been staying had so little profited by his persistent lectures on accuracy of diction that, from sheer nervous tension, she had begun to exhibit certain interesting nervous pheno-

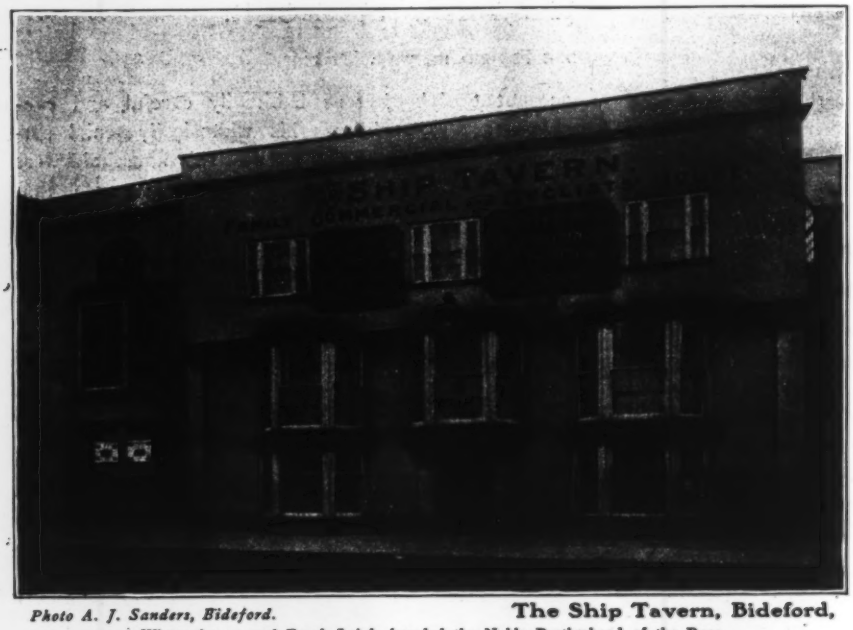


Photo A. J. Sanders, Bideford. **The Ship Tavern, Bideford.**
Where Amyas and Frank Leigh founded the Noble Brotherhood of the Rose.

"But in the meanwhile, he and Amyas concocted a scheme which was put into effect the next day (being market-day); first by the innkeeper, who began under Amyas's orders a bustle of roasting, boiling, and frying, unparalleled in the annals of the Ship Tavern; and next by Amyas himself, who, going out into the market, invited as many of his old schoolfellows, one by one, apart, as Frank had pointed out to him, to a merry supper and a 'rowse' thereon consequent; by which crafty scheme, in came each of Rose Salterne's gentle admirers, and found himself, to his considerable disgust, seated at the same table with six rivals, to none of whom had he spoken for the last six months."—"Westward Ho!"

mena—among others, a habit of misaccentuating the words of her sentences; so that, whereas at the beginning of his stay she would have asked complacently, "Did you ring the bell, Mr. Spencer?" that sentence would now come out in hurried, involuntary jerks: "Did *you* ring the bell?" or "Did you *ring* the bell?" or "Did you ring the *bell?*"—and so on. The almost malicious glee with which the experimentalist gave this little demonstration, in proof of some subtle theory he desired to expound, was at this point suddenly checked by one of his younger listeners:—"Mr. Spencer," she said slowly, and with inimitable sweetness, "you are an *inhuman monster!*" And in an instant, as he turned upon her, his whole face beamed and broke into a smile which was very human, almost tender, and quite irresistible.

To this house, on one Sunday evening, Mr. Spencer brought his father; and there was much interest felt by the family in seeing him—a pleasant, serious-looking, oldish gentleman, not unlike his son in stature and general appearance; very willing to talk about his son, especially of his early up-bringing; and there appeared to be a perfect sympathy of opinion in intellectual matters between them, and the affectionate attitude of the son towards his father was marked.

One summer day, Mr. Spencer was, with two or three of the family, at a luncheon, *al fresco*, under the Pines at Hampstead. In those days the spot was much less frequented than it is now. The grand old pines still stood, aromatic and umbrageous; and the path by which we reached them lay across fields to the open Heath. When the baskets had been unpacked, and the meal spread on the white damask among the pine-needles, somebody was rash enough to observe that cold lamb and salad tasted much nicer out of doors than at home. There followed a keen discussion on the accuracy of the statement; the Resolution, brought so thoughtlessly before the House, had to be ignominiously withdrawn. But the picnic was none the less a success.

In the square garden of that suburban house, Herbert Spencer was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic of croquet-players. Croquet was then a new game, and a very serious one; and even scientific men found it sometimes difficult to keep their tempers, when their balls, jealously guarded in the intervals of their own play, were knocked by fair and skilful adversaries to the very furthest corners of a lawn. On hot summer days, Mr. Spencer would come on to the croquet-lawn armed with a big holland sunshade, which he held carefully over himself until the crucial moment arrived for him to make his stroke. At such a moment, it was thrust into the willing hands of whomsoever happened to be standing next to him, with a quick, imperious—"Hold the umbrella! Hold the umbrella!" and there would ensue a quaint but not ungraceful situation: one or other radiant maiden of the house holding a big white sunshade dutifully over a Philosopher's head, while he stooped, mallet in hand, to adjust his stroke, and sent a gaily-coloured ball spinning over a green lawn.

But it was not always summer weather, even in that blessed suburban garden. On one occasion, there must have been a disappointment about a croquet-match. Perhaps it was raining, or perhaps somebody expected had not arrived. Mr. Spencer, at any rate, was there, with one or two other guests, in the drawing-room, and was sitting, rather gloomily disappointed, upon an ottoman in the centre of the room. Outside in the road a man was calling "Air-Balls!", and the cry came in at the open windows. It was but the work of a moment for our hostess to slip out, to signal the man into the portico, and to buy from him a floating bunch of balls. Gently, then, the drawing-room door was opened; gently were sent, one after another, those airy toys, high over the honoured head of a disappointed Philosopher; and in another moment a room-full of *savants* and ladies and children were playing with a room-full of air-balls—pink, yellow, white, and blue!

One summer, Mr. Spencer made one of a party that had met together by chance in Paris, and spent a long day at Versailles. The ladies of the party were enthusiastically charmed with everything—imbued with the romance and glamour of the place. And Herbert

Grace and her Mother.

"In another moment, she had glided in, silently, swiftly, holding her very breath; and saw her mother kneeling on the ground, the lanthorn by her side, and in her hand the long-lost belt."

(Reproduced from "Two Years Ago," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

Spencer, in whose *camaraderie* with women there was always a curious blend of irritation at their intellectual limitations, with luminous recognition of anything intellectually excellent in them, and a never-failing

From a Photograph. Rischgitz Collection. **Charles Kingsley.**

old-world politeness, was no less interested and amused than they. But his criticisms were always a check upon their enthusiasms; and a remark of his sank deep into the mind of one of them. They had been speaking reverentially, or romantically, as they walked through the old courtyards, about Louis the Fourteenth, and his successors; and Mr. Herbert Spencer reproved them; and he put the question to them with a quizzical insistence: "Was it not an undeniable fact that a large number of the sovereign rulers in history might be legitimately included among the criminal classes?"

During another autumn Mr. Spencer stayed a few days with some of these same old friends at their cottage in the Vale of Yarrow. He came from Derby, much in need of mental repose, and he arrived, one August afternoon, on the coach from Selkirk. The little visit was an altogether happy one. Mr. Spencer had brought his rod, and on one long August day at least, did he and his host go a-fishing; only the Philosopher, I fancy, handling the rod, and his host, who was no angler, solacing himself with many pipes, and arrears of contemplation, by the river-edge. Be that as it may, however, when they came back along the road in sight of the cottage, at the end of that long day's fishing, and one or two members of the family went out to meet and welcome them, the two friends were found to be wonderfully contented with themselves and with each other, and wonderfully interested in some theory which had occupied them on the walk homewards—but there was no talk of trout. It was well for everybody concerned that the hostess had not put her trust in anglers; but when the rod and basket were thrown down before the cottage door, and the party had dispersed to dress for dinner, curiosity led her to peep under the basket-lid. And there lay—stiff and apologetic—one troutling. The temptation was too great for mortal woman; and that evening much amusement and a brisk fire of *badinage* followed an addition to the meal: "*Mr. Spencer's Trout*," served, highly garnished, on the biggest dish and under the biggest cover that the cottage could produce.

It was during these few days at Yarrow that Mr. Spencer gained a disciple in a three-year-old daughter of his friends. He had been talking one evening with his host about the merits and demerits of the barber's art, and the tyrannies and fascinations of the razor, strop, and shaving-soap. But his remarks had not specially interested the grown-up portion of his audience. Next morning, however, he came down to breakfast in much merriment. He had made a conquest. He had gained a convert. For that morning, while he was dressing, there had come a little tap at his door, and on opening it, he had looked down on a little golden head and a little upturned face; and a little voice had pleaded eagerly—"Mitter Spencer, I want to see oo shave!" And, true to his own teaching, the Philosopher had lifted the baby gently in his arms, and had set her upon his chest of drawers, to let her watch for herself the whole experiment and make her baby-deductions therefrom, before he lifted her as gently down again, and dismissed her to the nursery.

Another recollection of Mr. Spencer is of a meeting which took place within the inhospitable territories of the Athenæum Club. Following closely on our advance-guard, we had penetrated a considerable distance into the interior, when, on a sudden, Mr. Spencer emerged from an ambush, in his shirt-sleeves, armed with a billiard-cue. Though he did not lay down his weapon, he proved to be a very friendly foe; and, in his capacity of member of the house committee, he even allowed us to penetrate a little further under his guidance, ignoring in a delightful manner the looks of sullen resistance with which the few inhabitants we met greeted our exploring-party. He told us many interesting things about the habits of these people—their food-stuffs, social customs, games, literature, personal adornments, and religious rites. But we were anxious to press forward, and felt much relieved when under his safe conduct we had once more gained the friendly frontier of Pall Mall.

One other, and more recent, memory must be here recorded. It is the memory of a little lunch-party at Mr.

Spencer's house, when he was living in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, before he went to live at Brighton. He was then far from well, feeling the movement of his carriage, when he drove occasionally in and out of town; and he rested till just before, and again immediately after, luncheon. But nothing could exceed his hospitality and kindliness during that hour of pleasant conversation round the lunch-table. The talk had turned on college-life, and the life outside the colleges for the other inhabitants of an old university town. One of the party had confessed that it was pleasant sometimes to leave the academic atmosphere, and to come to Paddington "for a breath of fresh air." And Mr. Spencer, in smiling tolerance of ancient academic customs, asked if anybody present had ever tasted "audit ale," and, as nobody ever had, he insisted on producing some—the gift, I think, of a College, and on making everybody present actually taste the precious liquid. He remembered affectionately the old days, and the dear suburban house and garden. He remembered "Love in thine Eyes" and "Blow, Gentle Gales," and spoke almost enthusiastically of the talk—the light wit and happy sympathy—in that pre-Raphaelite drawing-room. And he quoted one *mot* in particular, that a daughter of that house had spoken, that had "gone the round of the clubs," and had always seemed to him "perhaps one of the most delightful, wittiest things he had ever heard anyone say"—but, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would express it, that is another story.

From an Engraving. **Charles Kingsley.**
Rischgitz Collection.

After lunch, Mr. Spencer rested on a sofa in another room, and listened to Mozart's music played to him on his beautiful piano. We went into that room to shake hands with him, and say "Good-bye." It is the last memory of a friendship, which goes back as far as memory itself can reach.

FANNY BURNEY.*

By Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

IT would be difficult to conceive two people more happily met as author and subject of a book than Mr. Austin Dobson and Fanny Burney. Mr. Dobson's affection for the eighteenth century has been of great advantage to that century and to himself. It has given him a peculiar niche in literature from which he is not likely to be dislodged, and it has powerfully aided the reaction, supervening upon another reaction, which has in our time rehabilitated that unpicturesque but sterling age. No one individual, of course, can adequately represent so long a period; but Mr. Dobson could not have found a better representative of the lighter aspects of its latest or Georgius Tertius phase than dear Fanny Burney, a delightful and charming figure when in her girlhood she played kitten to Dr. Johnson, and wrote "Evelina," "because," as Daddy Crisp told her, "you could not help it": an interesting figure still when, the reverse of her old literary self, perpetrating the most astounding examples of corrupt and inflated diction in her old age. The result is a thoroughly delightful book, which, even if "Evelina" were not republished (a contingency most unlikely under the present dispensation of revived taste for the things of the eighteenth century), would alone hand Fanny Burney on to the next generation. It is a curious consideration how much her reputation owes directly to criticism, and indirectly to the lamentable literary aberrations of her later years. Their abominable style encouraged the malignant attack of Croker, whose evil star frequently led him into collision with ladies from which he could not possibly derive any honour, and from which he reaped nothing but disgrace. This onslaught produced the generous protest of Macaulay, who did not endeavour to defend Madame D'Arblay

* "Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay)." By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. (Macmillan.)

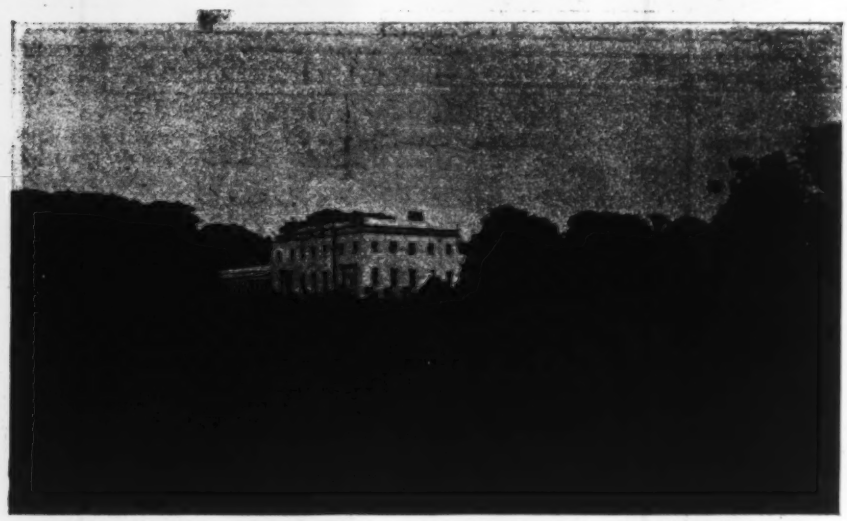


Photo Frith & Co. **Clovelly Court.**

The home of the Carys, made famous in "Westward Ho!"

"So Frank took horse and rode thereon ten miles or more: and then, as there were no inns on the road in those days, or indeed in these, and he had some ten miles more of hilly road before him, he turned down the hill towards Clovelly Court, to obtain, after the hospitable humane fashion of those days, good entertainment for man and horse from Mr. Cary the squire."—"Westward Ho!"

where she was indefensible, but vindicated her so successfully on other points, and paid off his old enemy Croker with such gusto, as to carry her name triumphantly forward until the general revival of interest in our early novelists.

Whether Fanny Burney's better writings do or do not continue to be read, her place in the history of English fiction will always be high from her fortunate position as the first classical female novelist. She had predecessors, some, as Aphra Behn, of considerable merit, but from one cause or another they are now all unreadable. She laid the foundation for the more refined and subtle art of Jane Austen, and though she in no respect anticipated the passion of a Charlotte Brontë or the wisdom and intellectual strength of a George Eliot, she paved the way for these by inspiring for, and raising the standard of, female fiction. "Evelina" and "Cecilia," if not widely read in future ages, will always be treasured as documents of their own. The extraordinary pomposity of their successors was, we fear, principally to be attributed to a decay of invention and fancy which the authoress unwisely strove to hide by an affected manner well characterised by the celebrated definition of "donnishness" as "a carriage of the body assumed to cover the defects of the mind." Yet it may be extenuated by the consideration that it was not peculiar to Madame D'Arblay, but coincided with the degeneracy of a considerable section of English literature. The Della Cruscan school and the poetry of Erasmus Darwin had come into being since Madame D'Arblay had begun to write, and what is now universally ridiculed was then generally admired. Something, too, may be ascribed to the malign influence of Miss Seward, then a popular writer. We are not deeply versed in this lady's works, but a delectable passage on the immersion of Dr. Darwin in the Trent, rescued from oblivion by the late Samuel Butler, resembles, while much surpassing in its own line, the passage on Dr. Burney's blindness quoted from Madame D'Arblay's memoirs of her father made by Mr. Dobson:—"This sharp infliction, however, though it ill recompensed his ethereal flight, by no means checked his literary ambition; and the ardour which was cooled for gazing at the stars, soon seemed doubly reanimated for the music of the spheres."

Photo Frith & Co. **Clovelly Harbour.**

Kingsley retained throughout his life the impressions made upon him in his early youth by the scenery of the neighbourhood of Clovelly, which appears and reappears in the pages of "Westward Ho!" "Now that you have seen the dear old Paradise," he said to his wife after her first visit to Clovelly Court, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

In a letter written in 1849 he describes the village as follows:—"I am near the top of the street which lines the bottom of this gorge of woods. On the left, that is down the hill, I see from my windows piled below me, the tops of the nearest houses, and the narrow paved cranny of a street, vanishing downwards, stair below stair, and then above all, up in the sky it seems, from the great height at which I am, the glorious blue bay, with its red and purple cliffs."

Fine writing of this species ruined what might have been a most valuable book in the Memoirs, but happily did not extend to Madame D'Arblay's own Diary, of which Mr. Dobson most justly says:—

It has all the graphic picturesqueness, all the dramatic interest, all the objective characterisation, all the happy faculty of "making her descriptions alive," which constitute the charm of the best passages in "Evelina." But it has the further advantage that it is true, and that it deals with real people. We know them more intimately than Mr. Briggs, believe in them more implicitly than in Captain Mirvan, and laugh at them more honestly than at "Madam

French." The Diary of Madame D'Arblay deserves to rank with the great diaries of literature. It is nothing that it is egotistical, for egotism is of its essence; it is nothing that it is minute, its minuteness enforces the impression. It gives us a gallery of portraits which speak and move, and a picture of society which we recognise as substantially true to life.

The general liveliness of the Diary is, however, contrasted by really tragic passages, the martyrdom of Fanny Burney under the rigidity and ungeniality of Court life, and the homely but terrible tragedy of the King's insanity. It must be owned that the former is considerably relieved by the unconscious comedy of the situation. We hardly know whether most to pity poor Fanny's parlous state, to laugh at its absurdity, or to scold her for her stupendous but innocent snobbishness. The ultimate situation when, utterly worn out, she departs, an object of condemnation to all right-minded persons, and partly to herself, for not having *quite* laid down her life in her Majesty's service, can only be compared to that of the canons in Sydney Smith's apologue, whose dinners were eaten by the bishops, and were pelted by the mob because they had not thrown them out. The episode of the King's insanity is an impressive lesson how an undignified person may be dignified by misfortune. We think that Mr. Dobson is hasty in concluding that the Prince of Wales's tears sprang merely from his revered father having knocked the future monarch's head against the wall. The incident had its share, no doubt; but the tears may well have sprung from genuine feeling as well. George the Fourth was not, like some of the other Princes, stupid and boorish, his nature was excessively emotional, and, notwithstanding his native shrewdness, easily influenced for good or ill. Had there been a Dean Stanley at his father's Court he might have been a far different man.

Apropos of Talleyrand, who was known to Madame D'Arblay during his exile in England, Mr. Dobson mentions a scathing attack upon him as among the few prose writings of Rossetti. We have not referred to this, but may remark that it was Talleyrand's misfortune to be obnoxious to persons of genius. There is hardly anything in literature to rival in its way the sustained and terrible invective of George Sand in the Lettres d'un Voyageur. That Talleyrand had, after all, saved his country, the eloquent novelist considered of no importance, or more probably did not know.

Photo Frith & Co. **The Pebble Ridge.**

"He walked down to the pebble ridge, where the surges of the bay have defeated their own fury, by rolling up in the course of ages a rampart of gray boulder-stones, some two miles long, as cunningly curved, and smoothed, and fitted, as if the work had been done by human hands, which protects from the high tides of spring and autumn a fertile sheet of smooth, alluvial turf."—"Westward Ho!"

New Books.

MEN OF THE COVENANT.*

Mr. Smellie is already in high favour with a large class of devout readers, and his new work will greatly widen the circle of his admirers. Those who enjoy a book of high-toned religious thought will find much to their taste in the "Men of the Covenant," as will also those who delight in biographical sketches well told. The book, however, is not merely biographical. It embodies the story of the Church of Scotland

* "Men of the Covenant: the Story of the Scottish Church in the Years of the Persecution." By Alexander Smellie, M.A. With thirty-seven illustrations. 7s. 6d. (Andrew Melrose.)

Photo Frith & Co. **Bideford Bridge.**

"Every one who knows Bideford cannot but know Bideford Bridge; for it is the very omphalos, cynosure, and soul, around which the town, as a body, has organised itself; and as Edinburgh is Edinburgh by virtue of its castle, Rome Rome by virtue of its capitol, and Egypt Egypt by virtue of its Pyramids, so is Bideford Bideford by virtue of its Bridge. But all do not know the occult powers which have advanced and animated the said wondrous bridge for now five hundred years, and made it the chief wonder, according to Prince and Fuller, of this fair land of Devon; being first an inspired bridge; a soul-saving bridge; an alms-giving bridge; an educational bridge; a sentient bridge; and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge."—"Westward Ho!"

through a well-defined period, a period of the darkest from one point of view, and of the brightest from another, a period of rigorous persecution, a few wild deeds of retaliation, and a marvellous amount of heroic suffering, steadfast zeal, invincible courage. The period is that to which Wodrow devoted two huge folio volumes bearing the title—"The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland from the Restoration to the Revolution." As a quarry for material Wodrow's folios are unrivalled, but their perusal is a task which comparatively few will face in these degenerate days. Since his time the story has been frequently re-told in less copious detail; and recent research has brought many hitherto unknown or forgotten facts to light.

It does not appear that Mr. Smellie has personally dived into manuscript or other unexplored sources of information; but he has diligently studied the latest published results of such work. As he is endowed with a well-balanced mind, and the power of expressing himself in clear, nervous English, and, above all, is in true sympathy with the aspirations of the men who endured so much and fought so well, the outcome is a singularly interesting volume. Notwithstanding his strong leanings towards the Men of the Covenant, he has evidently tried to state their case honestly and to deal with their adversaries fairly. After a prologue touching some of the outstanding events which preceded the Restoration of Charles the Second, he divides his work into seven-and-thirty chapters, and closes it with an epilogue devoted to the more prominent members of the General Assembly which immediately followed the Revolution. Although the deeds and troubles of the long line of sufferers, beginning with the Marquis of Argyll in 1661, and ending with Renwick, the youthful field-preacher, in 1688, occupy most of his canvas, room has been found for their leading oppressors, and the women who unflinchingly met death on the scaffold and at the stake have not been forgotten. But the very abundance of material renders the subject a difficult one, only to be completely mastered by long years of patient study.

Concerning the letters which Monk basely produced to secure Argyll's conviction, it may be objected that Mr. Smellie puts the matter too mildly when he says:—"they contained some expressions of goodwill to the Commonwealth and the Lord Protector." It may also be objected that the statement concerning the prisoners taken at Drumclog is much too lenient:—"Sir Robert Hamilton, it was said, would have dealt summarily with the captured cavaliers; but he had colleagues who happily were more merciful than he was, and no life was sacrificed." There is no doubt whatever that Hamilton was responsible for the death of one prisoner, who had not received quarter; and if he had been allowed to have his way other five, who had received quarter without his knowledge, would have shared the same fate. It may safely be denied that the leaders of the Highland Host in 1678 carried "thumbkins, by which they hoped to extort some incriminating confession." Andrew Gullan suffered four (not nine) years after Sharp's death, and he was hanged at the Gallowlee, not at the Cross of Edinburgh. On one page there is a reference to "John Balfour, of Kinloch, better known by the designation of Burley"; and it must therefore be due to an oversight or a misprint that, on another page, he is mentioned in the ordinary erroneous way as "John Balfour of Burley." Again, on one page Renwick's return from Holland is placed in the autumn of 1684, and on another page in the summer of 1683. In one passage Mr. Smellie's English is too pure. He is telling the story of John Mathieson, who, after being banished to the plantations, managed to find his way back to Scotland. When he entered his own house his wife did not recognise him, and as she was making dinner for the reapers she pressed him to eat. He followed her from the house, and one of her sons

Photo Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison ("Lucas Malet").

From a Drawing by Lancelot Speed.

The Goth and The Greek.

"The Goth and the Greek were locked in deadly struggle, while Pelagia stood in silent horror, knowing that a call for help would bring instant death to her brother. It was over in a few seconds. The Goth lifted Philammon like a baby in his arms, and bearing him to the parapet, attempted to hurl him into the canal below. But the active Greek had wound himself like a snake around him, and held him by the throat with the strength of despair." —"Hypatia."

(Reproduced from "Hypatia," by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., Ltd.)

whispered to her, "If my father is living yet, that is he." No Scotch boy ever said "that is he." In such a case the natural expression would be, "that's him."

Such blemishes can easily be wiped out in another edition. Occasionally, Mr. Smellie mentions the source of his information, but he never gives a precise reference, and his pages are absolutely free of footnotes. General readers will like the book all the better on that account. It is sure to be popular, and it deserves to live. D. HAY FLEMING.

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.*

In this enlarged edition of Mr. Wallace's book on the progress of knowledge during the nineteenth century, the author has considerably extended and revised most of the sections, more especially those dealing with chemistry, electricity, and astronomy. He divides the book into two parts: the first and largest being a good and intelligible account of the advances that have been made in theoretical and applied science since the year A.D. 1800, and he abundantly justifies his contention that greater progress has been made during the nineteenth century than in the eighteen hundred preceding years of our era.

This section of the book is excellently conceived and well executed. In parts it reads like a fairy tale, and it may be heartily commended to any one who desires to get a general sketch of the wonderful discoveries of recent times. These are outlined in simple language, which can be understood by those who have not had the advantage of a technical training.

As a sort of *per contra* set off to these successes of the century the latter part of this book is a lamentation over the failures of the age, in the front rank of which he puts the neglect of phrenology and of psychical research. He has in this edition deleted the chapter against vaccination, and had he excised the two just named as well, it would have been an additional improvement. The other evils he deplores are militarism, greed, and the plunder of the earth. While all must feel deep sympathy with his earnestness in denouncing the rampant militarism of the day, and the causes which lead to the miserable state of so many of the poor, the remedies which he proposes in his final chapter will doubtless be regarded by most readers as those of a visionary rather than as those of a practical philanthropist.

THE LIBERATOR.†

Hardly have we laid down the story of Mr. Gladstone's political campaigns, when our attention is drawn to his unique Irish predecessor, from whom he learned so much and whom in person he so little resembled. An essay of great value might be written on the comparative merits of these two extraordinary men, but we shall not undertake to sketch it here. Mr. Macdonagh has given us a volume which deserves high praise. It moves with fervour and rhetorical swing; compression would lend it more weight; it is, however, eminently readable, and ought to be popular. From the Irish Record Office, the Hardwicke and Broughton papers, the correspondence of O'Connell, the letters of Peel and Lord John Russell, from Hansard and innumerable journals, the author has drawn his materials, which enable him to clear up disputed points, and especially to bring out O'Connell's varying but not inconsistent relation with the Whigs. He narrates, for the first time in large detail, the Liberator's early experiences as a lad at St. Omers, his 'prentice years in London and Dublin, his defence of John Magee, and his duel with D'Esterre. The Clare Election is fought over again, mostly from unpublished documents. An interesting and pathetic feature is added in O'Connell's letters to his wife. Highly characteristic, also, are the pages on his last years at Darrynane, where he kept open house with a gaiety and profusion, a wealth of stories, and a riot of hunting-dogs, that put us in mind of Sir Walter at Abbotsford, not to O'Connell's disadvantage. Tragedy was lurking behind the arras for them both, and we feel that it takes from the spots of commonness which cling to these remarkable figures in their unprecedented triumphs.

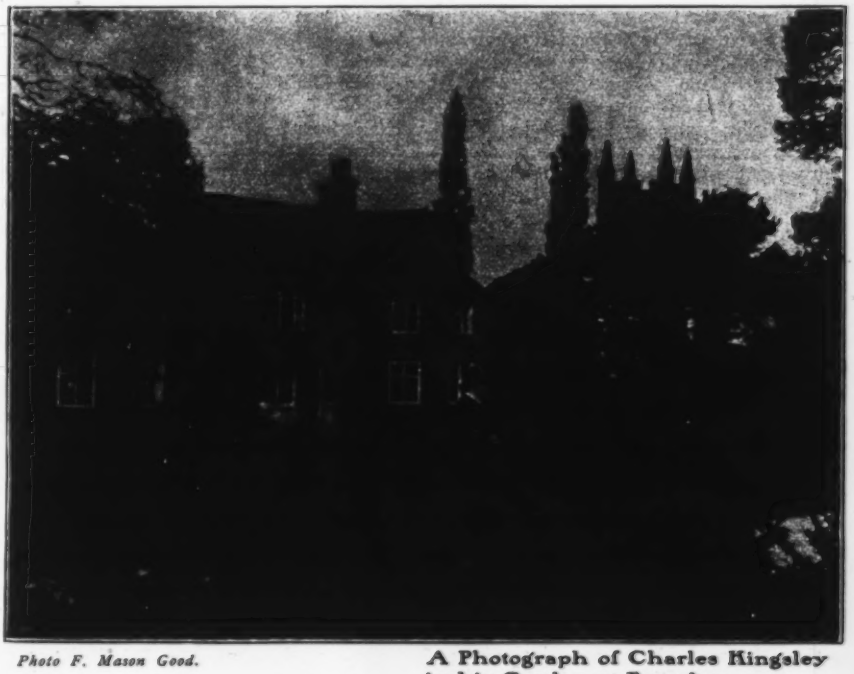


Photo F. Mason Good.

A Photograph of Charles Kingsley in his Garden at Eversley.

O'Connell is a true hero, but very difficult, and even dangerous, to handle. The golden head, the feet of clay, make a strange assortment; and it is not easier to worship than to criticise one who, living by impulse, could be amazingly resolute and pitiably weak in the turn of a hand. Mr. Macdonagh reckons him the greatest of Irishmen. What, was Dean Swift not Irish? And Burke, whom it is no profanation to name in one sentence with Shakespeare? On the absolute scale of greatness O'Connell stands below these. But we may echo the German postillion who said, "He is the man that discovered Ireland." Burke and Swift belong to the world's literature, to its philosophy rather than its politics. O'Connell, like Gladstone, is a landmark in the movement of democracy; and the Irish leader, in my opinion, towers above him of Midlothian passionate pilgrimages. This volume certainly proves as much.

But, if it glows with admiration, it does not spare sharp strokes. The hero could be vain; his tongue was not filed to civil speeches when he found himself in a quarrel; he appears in Mr. Macdonagh's description as "this big, burly, broad-shouldered, loud-voiced, emotional, rollicking, eloquent, scurrilous, vituperative Tribune," who runs through the whole gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. He was made up of contradictions. On one side of the water thousands flocked round him as the Irish Liberator and father of his country; on the other, for five-and-twenty years the *Times* pictured him as "a mixture of the bully, the blackguard, and the buffoon." He loved his people, but he was not a model or at all a wise landlord down in Kerry. He was an ardent Catholic, but he fell into moral disorders of which we cannot read without shame and pain. The confusion of his private economics was, perhaps, not more than we remem-

* "The Wonderful Century: The Age of New Ideas in Science and Invention." By Alfred Russel Wallace. New Edition. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

† "The Life of Daniel O'Connell." By Michael Macdonagh. 16s. net. (Cassell and Co.)

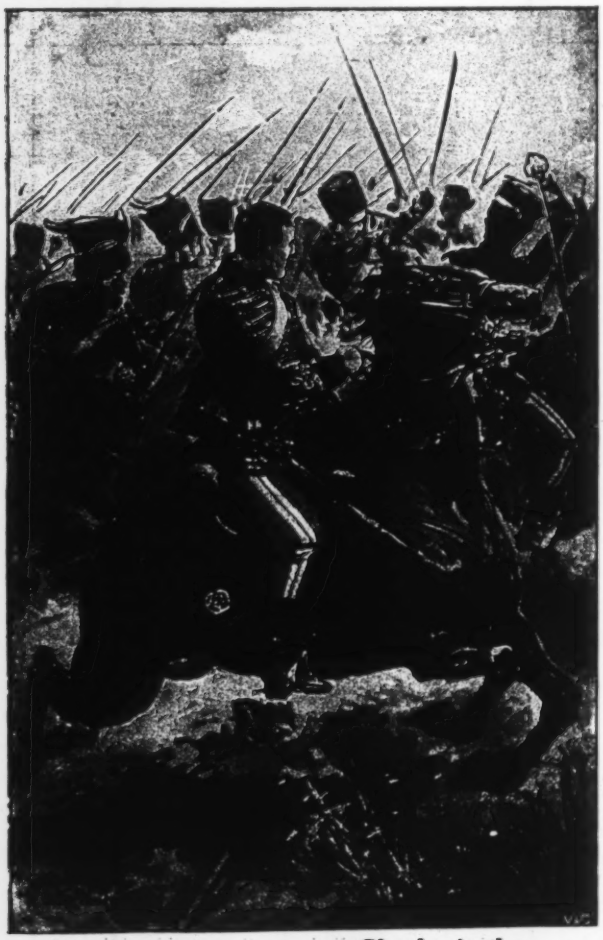
ber in William Pitt's, and arose from similar causes; but in O'Connell's temperament we perceive a want of self-control which, again, is in curious contrast with his regular, almost military, routine of working days. He lived in the present; his best efforts were impromptu; he answered every inducement by yielding to it, if it were congenial; as the French say, he was a temperament merely. Yet his enthusiasm never swung itself loose of the one clear principle that he upheld from first to last, Toleration, or Liberalism in the State. Neither did he, though violently provoked, at any time favour the methods of revolutionaries. If toleration was to be the rule, peaceful agitation was the only way of reform. To that new weapon he owed the wonderful success of 1829 when Parliament threw its doors wide to Catholics; he would not exchange it for rebellion in 1843, the date of what was then termed "the Clontarf surrender." His genius led him to discern that revolt in democratic countries has had its day. Votes win where pikes lose; he held to his creed in the face of "Young Ireland," dying before the event had shown him to be utterly in the right.

It would be a long journey to follow Mr. Macdonagh from the year 1775, when O'Connell was born—almost in the same hour with American freedom—to the year 1847, when the Ireland which he summed up in its strength and its weakness, died with him in the terrible famine. It is an age rounded into one picturesque and thrilling chapter of history that can never come again. The wild pathos, misery, and humour; the fighting, drinking, duelling, French invasions, risings of '98, bribery and corruption in College Green; the tithe-proctors, forty shilling freeholders, monster-meetings, agitation for Repeal—were, and are not, and this is the story of them vividly set out in fresh colours. All ends dramatically with a nation fleeing across the Atlantic, its champion dying at Genoa, his mind a chaos, his heart broken. It is very moving. O'Connell, in common with other Liberals, did not grasp the social question. He failed to see that liberty without land was only half an answer to the problem which clamoured all round him in rags, hunger, and ignorance; that it was not a struggle between Catholic and Protestant, but between landlord or capitalist and proletarian. On the other hand, Emancipation, which was his achievement, by adding to the House of Commons thirty or forty members whom this "unprincipled ruffian" led to victory, carried in its train the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn Laws, a succession of Liberal measures, and who shall say how much more? All students of English and Irish politics ought to read Mr. Macdonagh's stimulating biography. It has the charm of a story well told; it abounds in character and incident; but its most pertinent lesson is this, that political action which takes no heed of economics will not hinder a people from being scattered to the ends of the earth or starving at home.

WILLIAM BARRY.

From a Drawing by William S. Hunt. **Charles Kingsley.**

In the National Portrait Gallery.
Rischgitz Collection.



From a Drawing by R. Caton Woodville. **Charles in the Balaclava Charge.**

"How long? How many minutes, how many hours?' His left arm was nearly dead, but he could hold his reins in a way, and rode hard after Hornby, from some wild instinct. The pain had stopped, but was coming on again as if ten thousand red-hot devils were pulling at his flesh, and twenty thousand were arriving each moment to help them. His own friends were beside him again, and there was a rally and a charge. At what? he thought for an instant. At guns? No. At men this time, Russian hussars—right valiant fellows too."

(Reproduced from Henry Kingsley's "Ravenshoe," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

SHAKESPEARE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

Mr. Nichol Smith is to be congratulated on his rediscovery of a province of Shakespearian criticism which has strangely escaped the attention of editors and of critics. The late Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his "Writers and Readers," made a vigorous protest against the assumption that the Germans were the first to awaken us to a proper appreciation of Shakespeare, but Dr. Hill, so far as we know, had few on his side among the critics of the last century. So much is this the case that it is no exaggeration to say that it has long been an accepted opinion in literary text-books that the eighteenth century neglected and travestied Shakespeare. For this no doubt the authority of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Carlyle is responsible, all of whom ignored the fact that the criticisms of Lessing and Schlegel had been foreshadowed in no uncertain way in the first half of the eighteenth century. The essays and prefaces which Mr. Nichol Smith has collected into

* "Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare." Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. (James MacLehose and Sons.)

From a Drawing by William S. Hunt. **Henry Kingsley.**

In the National Portrait Gallery.
Rischgitz Collection.

this very useful volume clearly show that Shakespeare held a predominating part in eighteenth century criticism: they also must convince any unbiassed reader that in point of quality of criticism the despised century stands in need of no apology whatsoever. Mr. Nichol Smith has collected nine essays and prefaces, some of which have never before been completely reprinted, and nearly all of which have been hitherto as inaccessible as they are certainly indispensable to the student. Beginning with Rowe's "Life" and Dennis's Letters "On the Genius and Writings of Shakespear," the volume includes the Prefaces to the editions of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, and ends with Dr. Farmer's famous "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare" and Maurice Morgann's brilliant analysis of the character of Falstaff. The nine essays by no means exhaust the eighteenth century contribution to the critical doctrine of Shakespeare, but they certainly represent it at its best and most typical moments. A knowledge of these nine essays is an absolutely necessary foundation for any adequate understanding of the history of Shakespearian criticism.

The far from easy task of annotating these allusive essays Mr. Nichol Smith has performed with a painstaking care that leaves nothing to be desired. But more important still is the editor's long and very able introduction, in which he discusses Shakespeare's learning, his neglect of the so-called rules of the drama, the eighteenth century treatment of his text, and the rise and development of his æsthetic criticism. Mr. Nichol Smith, as a critic, has the refreshing quality of courage, and he does not indulge in loose generalisations. The age of Pope, Warburton, and Theobald, whatever else it was, was an age of literary intrigue, and the critic who deals with it must walk warily and keep an open mind. It seems to us that Mr. Nichol Smith has done so with very marked success, and that he has fairly rehabilitated the critical reputation of the century he defends. His vindication of the excellence of Johnson's edition is admirable, and the only wonder is that it should have required doing; not less so his appreciation of Farmer's really great essay, which, *pace* Dr. Maginn, did within certain limits all that Johnson claimed for it. The name of Theobald brings controversy with it. Mr. Sidney Lee has subscribed to Mr. Churton Collins's testimonial to the "Shakespearian Porson," but Mr. Nichol Smith comes to a different conclusion, and his skilful unravelling of a tangled story will convince most that Pope and Johnson were probably nearer the truth in their estimate of Theobald's abilities than Mr. Collins and Mr. Lee. It is at least certain that Warburton helped Theobald to a very great extent, and if he did not suggest many of his emendations he certainly saved him from many foolish ones. The history of Theobald's Preface is convincing proof of its author's limitations. Many passages in it are confessedly the work of Warburton, and in view of Dr. Aldis Wright's examination of the passages marked by Warburton as his own in his copy in the Capell collection in Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Churton Collins's airy assumption of Warburton's dishonesty is alone sufficient to discredit his whole extravagant claim on behalf of Theobald. Even that ever famous emendation, "and a' babbled of green fields," was made not on the old reading, "and a table of green fields" (which Pope, by the way, took to be a stage direction, meaning, to bring in "a table of Greenfields," Greenfields presumably being an eminent upholsterer!), but, by Theobald's own admission, on the not less brilliant marginal suggestion of "a gentleman sometime deceased," namely, "a' talked of green fields."

On minor questions, such as the respective merits of Theobald and Warburton, Mr. Nichol Smith may possibly not, as Johnson said of Farmer's essay, "have completely finished a controversy beyond all further doubt." But his main contention, that in the history both of criticism and of the theatre Shakespeare in the eighteenth century held a position far superior to that granted him before or since, he seems to us to have proved quite conclusively. And even apart from that, he would have performed no little service in providing for the student this admirably edited collection of many of the finest and most suggestive utterances of Shakespearian criticism.

J. H. L.

Geoffry Hamlyn.

"Before we could pull up we were against the cattle, and then all was confusion and disaster. Two hundred black fellows were on us at once, shouting like devils, and sending down their spears upon us like rain. I heard the Doctor's voice, above all the infernal din, crying 'Viva! Swords, my boys: take your swords!' I heard two pistol shots, and then, with deadly wrath in my heart, I charged at a crowd of them, who were huddled together, throwing their spears wildly, and laid about me with my cutlass like a madman."

(Reproduced from Henry Kingsley's "The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn," by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

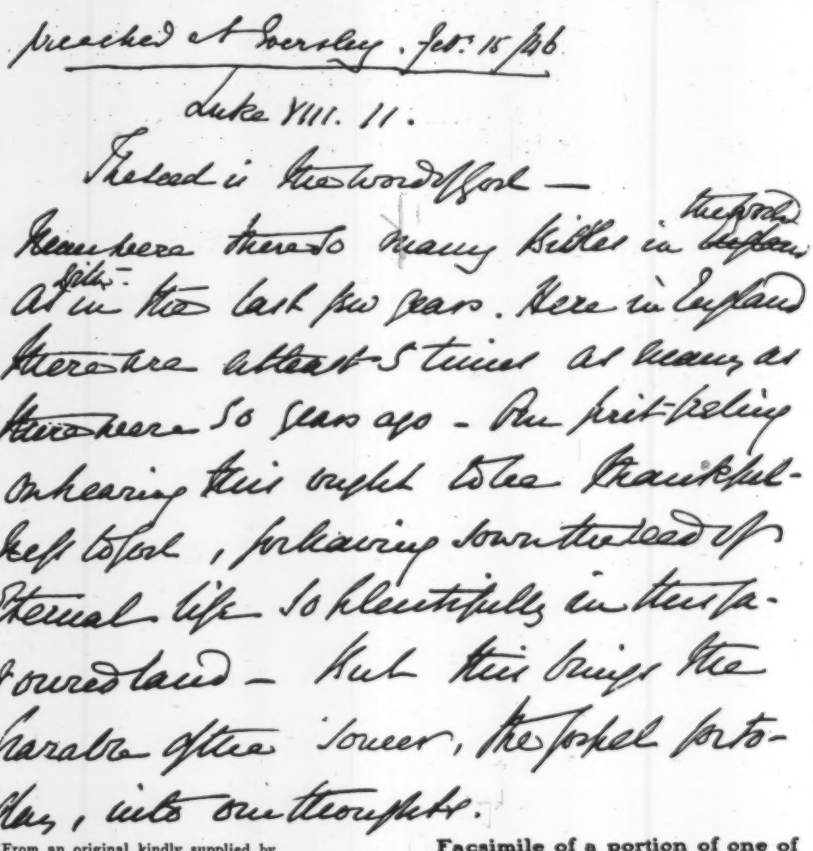
STUDIES IN IRISH HISTORY.*

Mr. Barry O'Brien has collected half a dozen papers on historical subjects, read before the Irish Literary Society, into a volume, and written a commendatory preface. We wish he had written all the rest. He would have stamped character on the book: and here character is sadly lacking. Generally speaking, the various chapters show praiseworthy industry and an earnest endeavour to be fair-minded. But most of their authors write as if they had received a stern mandate to impartiality, and as if obedience to this had taken the spirit out of them. The striking exception is Sir William Butler, whose paper on "Cromwell in Ireland" caused some sensation when it was read before the Society. It is calculated to arouse some feeling in its printed form. It is rightly so vast a subject. And indeed he is almost too much out of sympathy with Cromwell's cause to be fair to his character. "The world," he cries, "holds no such futility in its history as the English Civil War." Was it so futile to have established the fact that monarchy would thenceforth be impossible in England on any other ground than mere political expediency, that if a king dared assert personal rights in defiance of national welfare he would be in danger of losing his head?

The other papers have neither the vivacity nor the passionate partiality of Sir William Butler's. They almost fear to pass judgment. Miss Murray's chapter, entitled "After Lim..ick"—a terrible indictment, most fairly set down, of the interference with Irish faith and Irish trade—is cringing in its comments. "It is always unjustifiable to blame England in any treatment of Irish history." What is the motive of such a stultifying remark? Mr. Wilson's "Ireland under Charles II." and "Ireland under James II." are informing, painstaking, meritorious, and dull. Mr. Mangan's "Sieges of Derry and Limerick" is almost bound to suffer by comparison with some of the most brilliant of Macaulay's pages. Yet he need not have contented himself with being but a meekly useful supplementer. Mr. Stephen Gwynn is a practised writer, and his essay on Sarsfield is craftsmanlike; but strict impartiality did not demand such chilliness in dealing with so great a hero. It may be said that brilliance was not aimed at; but our answer is that brilliance is demanded to put the Irish case to English readers.

Dr. Mahaffy's book, a history of Trinity College, Dublin, from its beginning to the Restoration, is for the specialist. Though the writer has tried to keep in view not only the story of the particular foundation, but also the general history of the country and its social and intellectual conditions, yet his endeavour only emphasises the fact that the College was of alien growth, that its strength was not drawn from Irish sap. Nevertheless, within its limits, the book is excellent—fair-minded, learned, well-arranged. It is but one narrow chapter in the history of Ireland, but it will not need to be re-written.

A. MACDONELL.



preached at Eversley. Sept. 15 /86

Luke VIII. 11.

The seed is the word of God —

Remember there so many Bibles in the world
as in the last few years. Here in England
there are at least 5 times as many as
there were 50 years ago - But feel-believing
or hearing this ought to be thankful-
kept to God, for hearing sown the seed of
Eternal life so plentifully in these fa-
voured lands - But this brings the
parable of the sower, the Gospel to-
day, into our thoughts.

(From an original kindly supplied by Mrs. St. Leger Harrison.)

Facsimile of a portion of one of Charles Kingsley's Sermons.

eminently readable, and by its outspokenness and fervour of conviction stands out from all the rest. The writer has read widely, and, like many other students, has been led to an estimate of Cromwell very different from Carlyle's. His indictment of the Lord Protector in Ireland is damning. We subscribe to the whole of it—almost. But we will accept no English statesman's record in Ireland as giving the key to his whole career and character. Till lately Ireland has been a scene as far remote from the exercise of healthy public opinion as the wilds of Africa, where the blundering ignorance of the conqueror and the tempting helplessness of the conquered have permitted crimes that would have shocked their own perpetrators if committed at home. Sir William, as the humane soldier, loathes the brutal violence of Cromwell in Ireland: and we so heartily echo his cries of detestation that we can overlook his misunderstanding of what seems to him a heartless detail in one of the Lord Protector's dispatches. But when he turns to Cromwell in England we find that he has neither the historic sense nor the power of character-reading subtly enough developed to estimate

* "Studies in Irish History. 1649—1775." With an Introduction by R. Barry O'Brien. 3s. 6d. net. (Brown and Nolan.)
"An Epoch in Irish History. Trinity College, Dublin. Its Foundation and Early Fortunes. 1591—1660." By J. P. Mahaffy, D.D. 16s. (Unwin.)

A FORGOTTEN ARTIST.*

From a period when the painter's art in England was at one of its most glorious heights it was inevitable that many worthy names should fall out during the generations which followed. Lady Diana Beauclerk has suffered from the greatness of the men and women in whose time she lived; yet it must be remembered that when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Angelica Kauffmann, and many another painter must have been fresh to mind and eye, she was recognised and acknowledged, fêted and admired. In this beautiful book, which Mrs. Erskine has well and intelligently written and Lady Diana herself has so charmingly though unknowingly decorated, we learn of the life—the early years of artistic culture, the gay, fashionable period which followed, the unhappy marriage, the divorce, re-marriage, the widening scope for intellect and talent—of this daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough and great-granddaughter of the first Duke and his famous Duchess, Sarah. But, more than this, we learn also from contemporary allusions and generous reproductions the

* "Lady Diana Beauclerk: Her Life and Work." By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. With Illustrations. £2 2s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

delicacy, spirit and charm of her drawings and paintings. Cupids, fauns, nymphs, Bacchus, Venus, such, suiting the taste of the period, were the general subjects; and the grace and fine work of her numerous designs is undeniable. This volume stands high among art-books as an example of clever and careful reproduction, among which are some of Lady Diana's water-colour drawings, given here in tints on dark mounts, and many of her famous subjects drawn for Bartolozzi and engraved by him. Her designs for Wedgwood, too, are reproduced with quite unusual faultlessness, the delicate blue and the exquisite modelling being a delightful surprise in a collection which has already come as a revelation. As history, as a picture of a picturesque period, or as an example of work done and approved in an age of high attainments, this volume must interest a very large number; and as a gift-book is certain to satisfy the most critical.

Photo F. Mason Good.

The Cottage at Eversley where Kingsley preached.

"Those Cottage Lectures, especially those held in preparation for Holy Communion, what pains he took with them! How he would stand up in some cottage room filled with poorest folks, talking to them with all that earnest simplicity of his! To no hearers, even had they been amongst the highest and most educated, could he have spoken with more painstaking love and ability. . . . These are very happy memories now. They bring back that dear one to my mind in, what was beyond shadow of doubt, his strongest, best, most beautiful character."—Letter from the Rev. H. Percy Smith to Mrs. Kingsley.

AN EXPOSITION OF DANTE'S INFERNO.*

Mr. Carroll's task has been a very large one, and he has accomplished it in a scholarly and most competent manner. His commentary on the "Inferno" is confessedly addressed to the ordinary non-expert reader, and is an admirable and trustworthy guide. Here, set out in lucid prose, is the whole scheme of sin and punishment, for him whose interest is primarily in the moral aspect of the work: the historical and personal or topical element receives due treatment, but Mr. Carroll's point of view is avowedly ethical, and rightly so. Nothing appears to be left unexplained; indeed there is a fulness of exposition which, strong in the courage of its convictions and of its didactic purpose, leaves behind the interpretation of previous experts. Exegesis of an allegorical poem is perhaps of all sorts the most liable to the charge of arbitrariness; but though there may be found a savour of the pulpit in certain passages, the author is essentially sane and moderate, and can give no possible offence even where it seems most amazing that the poet should have intended all that the commentator has read into his lines. Particularly noticeable is Mr. Carroll's depth of insight into particular modes of the same sin, and the corresponding degrees or varieties of penalty. The sketch of Dante's life which precedes the commentary exhibits the author's correct feeling for the relative importance of events, and seems to be just what is wanted for a fuller comprehension of the main body of his book.

* "Exiles of Eternity: An Exposition of Dante's Inferno." By the Rev. John S. Carroll, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.*

This work is the extension of a theme treated by the author in Chapters xii.-xv. of his book on "The Wonderful Century." He has there expressed his belief that in the universe there is no world, besides the earth, inhabited by living beings. Hitherto this question as to the unity or plurality of inhabited worlds has been dealt with as a purely

* "Man's Place in the Universe: A Study of the Results of Scientific Research in Relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds." By Alfred Russel Wallace, LL.D. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

Photo F. Mason Good.

One of Charles Kingsley's Favourite Fishing Haunts.

"When with a gentle ripple and a clear burning sun, fish yield themselves to the embraces of a little saucy march-brown, or a minnow, and a fat black alder, or again a real yellow sally (which ain't yellow, but orange legs and lemon body, if you can get them). That's the sport; to throw your fly, and let it sink (never draw it), and in half a minute take it out gently to see if aught's at the end of it, and if so, hit him as if you loved him, and hold on . . . . we will start early next morning—whither? I think, to my happy fishing ground."—Letter from Charles Kingsley to Tom Hughes.

speculative subject, but in the course of the reading necessary for the compilation of those chapters Mr. Wallace thinks that he has been able to collect a body of relevant evidence which will go a certain way towards the scientific settlement of the question.

Starting with a review of the older literature represented by the works of Fontenelle, Whewell, Brewster, etc., wherein the subject was regarded from the standpoint of its supposed bearing on religion or philosophy, he sketches out a plan for its constructive treatment on the basis of modern scientific discovery. The first stage is the presentation of an interesting summary of the most recent researches on the distribution of the stars and on stellar physics. Having done this he deduces from the data thus provided two conclusions:—1. That the universe is finite and that it forms one great and connected system. 2. That there is a unity in the physical and chemical laws of the constitution of all its component parts.

This step being taken, his second branch of inquiry is concerned with the conditions necessary for the evolution and continued existence of living beings upon the surface of any planet. Assuming from the identity of physical and chemical laws throughout the universe that there is a like identity in biological laws, he draws the conclusion, from the data given by recent researches in astrophysics, that these conditions are not manifested upon any other planet of the solar system, and that there is a strong probability that they do not occur in the case of the planets of any other sun.

This theory, which is essentially one of anthropocentrism, is one which commends itself to some minds, and to such Mr. Wallace's catena of proof will doubtless be satisfactory. That no other planet of the solar system is in a condition favourable to the evolution and maintenance of life is tolerably certain, but the reasons adduced to prove that there is probably no inhabited planet in some of the myriad of other systems seem inconclusive. We must wait for further developments in astrophysical research before we can say the last word on this subject. Meantime Mr. Wallace has given us here an interesting, although somewhat *ex parte* examination of the present position of this question.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

From an Original Drawing by Charles Kingsley.

Jason and the Golden Fleece.

"And as he sang, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, which gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves.

"Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stept across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden to the bank where the Argo lay."—"The Argonauts."

(Reproduced from the first edition of "The Heroes," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

From a Drawing by Linley Sambourne.

Tom and the Lobster.

"When Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious and tremendous snap, that he snapped out of his hand, and out of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all, so he just shook his claw off as the easier method. It was something of a bull that; but you must know the lobster was an Irish lobster.'

(Reproduced from "The Water Babies," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Novel Notes.

REBECCA. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

From the moment when you see Rebecca, a small child of eleven, seated alone in the stage-coach with her bundle, her bouquet of lilacs and a microscopic pink parasol, to the end, some six years later, when she comes out, "looking white and spent, but chastened and glorified," from a last look on the dead Aunt Mirandy, who had loved her but would never show it while she lived, your interest never flags. The humour and pathos of it all is of the quiet, subtle kind that is almost as indescribable as a fragrance is. The characters are drawn clearly and intimately: whether it is Jeremiah Cobb, the genial stage-coachman, who, when she is on the way to stay with her aunts, allows Rebecca to get out and ride on the box beside him, and is as much amazed and overcome by her shrewd, quaint chatter as he is amused by it; whether it is the superficially crabbed Aunt Mirandy, or the gentler Aunt Jane; to say nothing of Rebecca herself, or of Emma Jane and others of her child friends, they are all fashioned with a skill and a sympathetic knowledge that makes them vividly real. The natural life-likeness and humour of the book are perfect in their kind; Mrs. Wiggin herself has done nothing better, and this is very high praise.

TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

There is something of the weird or grotesquely wonderful in nearly all these stories that makes them still characteristic of their author even when they carry us into that irresponsibly farcical atmosphere that is the native air of Mr.

From a Drawing by Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.

The Water Babies.

"When the children saw her, they naturally all caught hold of her, and pulled her till she sat down on a stone, and climbed into her lap, and clung round her neck, and caught hold of her hands; and then they all put their thumbs into their mouths, and began cuddling and purring like so many kittens, as they ought to have done. . . . But she took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the softest place of all, and kissed him, and patted him, and talked to him, tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard before in his life; and Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, and loved, till he fell fast asleep from pure love."

(Reproduced from "The Water Babies," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Jacobs. Some, such as "The Truth about Pyecraft," are whimsical absurdities told with matter-of-fact circumstance and a serious face; others, like the story of "Filmer," who shot himself in a nervous panic sooner than risk an ascent in his own flying-machine, have a strong touch of grim and bizarre pathos. It is, frankly, a book for an idle hour; and with so various and entertaining a book at hand, one would much sooner be idle than busy.

THE ODD-JOB MAN. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Murray.)

"The Odd-Job Man," Percival Oddy (the name is a trifling error), has failed, and fallen so squalidly low in the world that, in a whimsical, reckless despair he decides upon suicide, but a chance meeting with an old acquaintance at a midnight coffee-stall saves him. The pictures of Bohemian and respectable literary and artistic life in latter day London, and of the inside workings of the cheaper kinds of modern journals, are amusingly and bitingly realistic, and sufficiently saddening for those who understand. There is a slight touch of unreality about the method of Oddy's salvation at the hands of Marcia Kepple, and the way in which men are told off to watch and report upon his progress. Marcia's love for him, too, and the scene where she misunderstands when he begins to confess to her his love for another woman —these things, and the melodramatic "hunting down" in which the jealous De Winter indulges, though they are cleverly done, are not entirely convincing. Nevertheless, the whole thing is written with exceptional power; the characterisation (of Hetty Bostock, the model, and Cayley, the sub-editor, in particular) is masterly; and the pathos surrounding old Dumitrie, the restaurant-keeper, is so exquisitely natural and beautiful it would give distinction to any book, and is not the least memorable feature of "The Odd-Job Man."

BORLASE AND SON. By T. Baron Russell. 6s. (Lane.)

Judged as literature, we know of no novel published this year that will rank higher than "Borlase and Son." Its people are intensely human; the life it describes is every-day life; its events grip the attention and haunt the memory as things do that have really happened. The narrative gathers about two houses of business—chiefly about the Peckham drapery emporium of Borlase and Son, and the drab, narrow lives of the shop-assistants are laid bare with a sympathetic understanding that no art can simulate. The book is full of little touches that are luminously natural. Take the dismissal of Miss West. Thrice she has unavoidably broken an arbitrary rule of the establishment, and, as she has been there many years, and is jaded and faded-looking, Mr. Borlase privately orders the cashier to give her a week's notice next Saturday. Knowing that by the rules she is liable to be dismissed, on Saturday she is afraid to approach the pay-desk, and lingers, allowing others to take precedence of her. Mr. Russell puts no stress on the situation, but the poignant tragedy of it is brought home to the reader with a quiet power of subtle suggestion that is no common gift. The story is written with a mingling of pathos and humour and grim irony; it develops simply and naturally to a powerfully dramatic conclusion, but it is the characterisation that gives it its highest value and interest. Mr. Borlase; Stanton, his son, the self-distrustful youth that circumstance moulds into a sturdy manhood; Mr. Wickstead, and his wife who had been a shop-girl; Miss Chippendale, the typist; Mr. Schneider; Lucraft—to write their names is to recall their separate personalities as vividly as if you had known them in the flesh. This is one of those books that is infinitely more than readable—it is worth reading.

THE RELENTLESS CITY. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A novel from Mr. Benson always promises two things, a surface of worldliness and triviality, and an undercurrent of trenchant, if merciless satire. In "The Relentless City" this satire is largely concerned with the dominant ideals of America, and with

From a Drawing by T. H. Robinson.

Ariadne at Naxos.

"He came to the mouth of that doleful place, and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne. . . . But that fair Ariadne never came to Athens with her husband. Some say that Theseus left her sleeping on Naxos among the Cyclades, and that Dionusos the wine-king found her, and took her up into the sky, as you shall see some day in a painting of Titian's—one of the most glorious pictures upon earth."—"Theseus."

(Reproduced from Charles Kingsley's "Heroes," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

the effect of their inevitable transportation to England, in the growing spread of American influence upon English society. Mr. Benson practically puts into the mouth of one of his characters the main impulse of the story before us. He says: "I look upon America as some awful cuttle-fish. Its tentacles are reaching over the world. . . . You cannot see it coming, because it clouds the whole atmosphere with the thick opacity of its juice, wealth. Then, before you know it, it is there, and you are powerless. It has come to England." This is true enough, and the whole of Mr. Benson's book, though the characterisation is too heavily emphasised for a really artistic piece of work, is true also. The first part especially is not only clever, but suggestive. What Mr. Benson lacks is sympathy. His delineations are a little cruel and a little crude. He has no reserve, and without reserve, any degree of dignity is impossible.

From a Drawing by H. C. Selous. **How Mare Swallow found her Rest.**

"He got on board last, leading the mare by the bridle.
"'Swim, good lass!' said he, as they pushed off; and the good lass, who had done it many a time before, waded in and was soon swimming behind. Hereward turned and bent over the side in the darkness. There was a strange gurgle, a splash, and a swirl. He turned round, and sat upright again. They rowed on."—"Hereward the Wake."

(Reproduced from Macmillan's School Edition of "Hereward the Wake," by kind permission of the Art Union of London.)

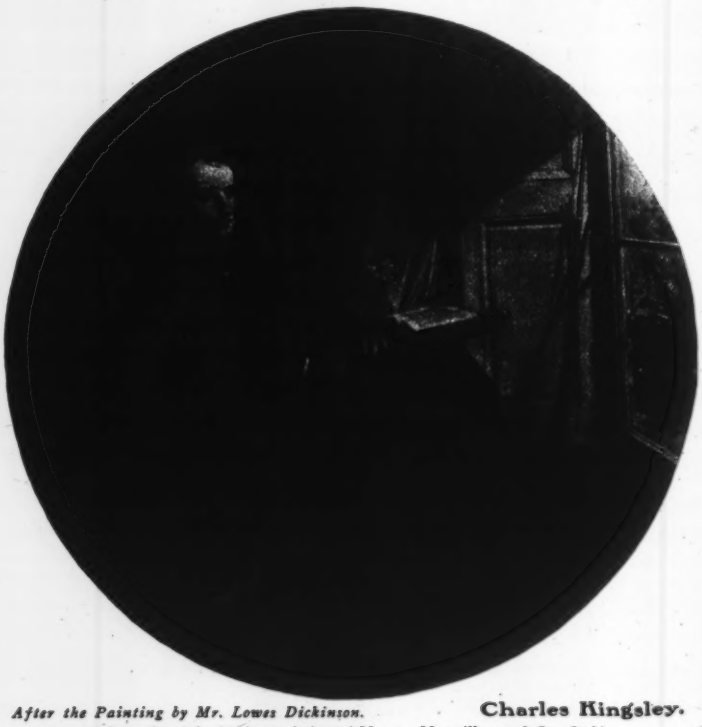
The Bookman's Table.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS. By Jack London. 6s. (Isbister.)

"The People of the Abyss" is not to be compared with Jack London's other books; they were literature, and this is journalism, though it is journalism of no ordinary quality. Also, in his other books he was on ground with which he was intimate; here he penetrates the wilds of East London as an explorer and, like all explorers on their first acquaintance with strange places and people, he is apt to miss quieter, pleasanter aspects, and to over-emphasise the darkness and the horrors, to generalise too largely, to see things out of their due perspective, describing more what is their effect upon himself, the casual visitor, than their effect upon those who have to live amongst them always. Yet allowing for this, and taking the book as a photographic study of the darker side of East-End life (for the East End is not really an unmitigated hell, nor does it contain all the people of the Abyss, as Mr. London found for himself when he strayed westward as far as Lisson Grove), it is, within its limits, appallingly and overwhelmingly true. Mr. London understands and is in fullest sympathy with the poor and the outcast and hopeless people he writes about, and records his personal experiences amidst them with a vivid and unflinching actuality. His descriptions are so powerfully visualised that they oppress the imagination like a nightmare, and make most of the excellent photographs that illustrate his text superfluous. The whole thing is one of the truest and most terrible indictments of civilisation that any man has ever written.

ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND. By Frank Stevens. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson and Co.)

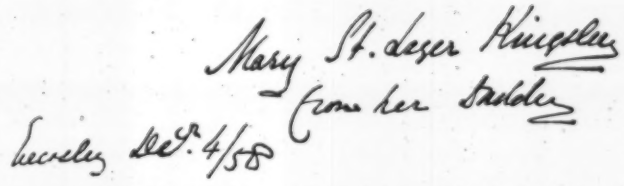
Mr. Frank Stevens, while introducing his readers into a kind of fairyland, has rendered great service to the cause of education by his clever work, "Adventures in Hiveland." For while the story is apparently the principal thing to the young reader, the book is stored with information of a valuable nature. It tells of two children who are transported by an elf-man, who calls himself Nameless, into the Bee world, much in the same way that Lewis Carroll's Alice was introduced into Wonderland. There they witness bee life from the moment when the swarm entered a new hive, until the time came when the bees in this little commonwealth took their winter rest. Not only is the information imparted of the most useful character, but the book is calculated to inspire children with a spirit of sympathy for the defenceless little creatures who have even their part to play in the hurly-burly of everyday life. Mr. Stevens is undoubtedly one of those men who walk through the world of Nature with open eyes, and intelligently so, for he sees important points and makes excellent use of them. One sometimes fights shy of books written with a purpose, but here the purpose is dealt with so interestingly and strikingly that it more than disarms prejudice. On the contrary, it is a book to be welcomed. The reader sees how the bees play their part in the story of the flowers. The ways and methods of the inhabitants of a waxen city, the cruelty of the struggle for existence even in Beeland, the inexorable laws that govern it, even the state-



After the Painting by Mr. Lowes Dickinson. **Charles Kingsley.**

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

craft of Hiveland, are depicted, and the whole career of a bee becomes a fascinating study. It has rarely been our good fortune to read so good a book dealing with Nature, and "Adventures in Hiveland" should take high rank in this class of children's literature. Mr. Stevens is to be congratulated on his effort, and since we understand



Charles Kingsley's inscription in a copy of the original edition of "The Heroes," belonging to Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, and courteously lent by her for the purposes of reproduction.

that this is the first of a series, we can assure him of a hearty welcome for his other books. The child-talk, as well as the workings of the youthful mind, is natural throughout, and to sustain this level is not an easy task for a writer. But Mr. Stevens has succeeded admirably.

THE WINGLESS PSYCHE. By Morley Roberts. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Whether you are at one with Mr. Morley Roberts in his views of things or not, you can scarcely fail to read with intense enjoyment this little book of essays in which his strong and independent personality is writ large on every page. The essays are very varied in subject, ranging from speculations "On Writing for a Living," "On Writing Essays," on "The Ideal," or "On Striking a Balance," to exquisite little studies and sketches of life in and about "Shoreleigh Town," with the thoughts and fancies that arise from such a contemplation. Mr. Roberts is that rarity, in these days, a man who really has opinions and is in earnest about them. Larger in thought, perhaps, and more vigorous in expression, than Alexander Smith, he writes with much of that fine, but neglected essayist's glowing imagination and jewelled richness of phrase. A wise optimism is the keynote of the book, which is full of suggestion and of the stimulation one cannot but draw from the fearless thinkings of a man who is honest with himself.

THE ADVENTURER IN SPAIN. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Isbister.)

Society is so conventional that there is a certain prejudice against a visitor who enters a house at night over the back wall; but with the traveller it is different. The more successful he is in avoiding the front door of a country, the better reading his book will be. Mr. Crockett is an accomplished and delightful traveller. He entered Spain by the ——, but that is a story which he has told for himself better than any of his critics. "The Adventurer in Spain" is a delightful account of irresponsible wandering. Mr. Crockett is never instructive, he makes no attempt to give a complete account of Spanish life and manners; he is content to ramble on in out-of-the-way corners, always on the look-out for a chance to use his camera or to pick up a story, humorous or pathetic, to be worked up with all the skill of the practised novelist. The photographs are splendid, and add greatly to the value of the book. As for the stories, to our thinking the gem is the account of the theatrical Carlist rising in the mountain, a farce played for the benefit of the public at Madrid.

BISHOP BUTLER: An Appreciation, with the Best Passages of his Writings, Selected and Arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

Dr. Whyte dedicates his latest volume with significant simplicity, "To my Classes." To some readers this may be obscure. The fact is that for many years Dr. Whyte, besides the ordinary church services, has conducted two classes, each numbering several hundreds of persons. To preparation for these classes he has given his strength, exercising a considerable freedom of choice in selecting his subjects, but always bringing before his disciples some outstanding figure in religion or theology round whom various interests revolve. To deal competently with such a figure as Butler, it is not only his own life and writings which must be inquired into, but the religious and social conditions of his age; the philosophy then current and the general state of mind in England to which he appealed. All the labour involved in such research Dr. Whyte eagerly undergoes, finding such delight as few experience in bringing his mind into contact and sympathy with the genius he is for the time studying. It is indeed this power of concentrating himself with all his strong vitality on the matter in hand that makes him so warm, earnest, and attractive an expositor. His estimate of Butler will approve itself to those who have most carefully studied the Analogy and the sermons, and this volume is likely to add largely to the number of those who owe exactness of thinking to their knowledge of these immortal writings.

THE APOCRYPHAL AND LEGENDARY LIFE OF CHRIST. By James De Quincey Donehoo, M.A., Monroe, La., U.S.A. (The Macmillan Company.)

The extent, contents, and importance of Mr. Donehoo's Legendary Life of Christ are apparent from its sub-title, which describes it as "being the whole body of the Apocryphal Gospels and other extra-canonical literature which pretends to tell of the life and words of Jesus Christ, including much matter which has not before appeared in English; in continuous narrative form, with notes, Scriptural references, prolegomena, and Indices." It is obvious that such a work was much needed, and will prove of great value to the student, and even entertaining and not without instruction to the general reader. The purpose of the author is carried out with industry, knowledge, and skill. The reader is kept right as to dates and authorities, and has the advantage of seeing in one view a collection of documents which are not readily accessible to every one. The curious beliefs and theorisings of the second and succeeding centuries are judiciously dealt with, and many gems of superstition shine from the pages. We have noticed only one mistake in translation, where, on p. 248, "from above" should be "again." The book is sure to be widely used, and cannot fail, indeed,

Photo Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

Mrs. St. Leger Harrison ("Lucas Malet").

to become the standard form in which one may conveniently study both the Apocryphal Gospels and the Agrapha.

COLLECTED POEMS OF LORD DE TABLEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

The growth of Lord de Tabley's reputation as a poet has been remarkably slow. He cared nothing for the hereditary honour that came to him unsought, and very much for the greater title that no man comes to by inheritance, but it was only towards the end of his long life that he was beginning to win anything like his due meed of appreciation. He will not

rank with the highest, though much that he has written has the truth and the vision and the subtle inner life and music by which poetry endures. His finest work is, perhaps, in his dramatic poems; they have a cold intellectuality that rather reminds one of Matthew Arnold, but they are shot through with passages of glowing rhetoric, and touched here and there with the passion and fire of genuine inspiration. His lyrics are, for the most part, pensive and delicately imaginative; sometimes they lack brevity; but always they have melody and grace and a quiet individuality. To the increasing circle of his admirers, and to everyone who knows how to value what is best in modern poetry, these collected poems of de Tabley will be more than welcome. The volume is prefaced by an excellent portrait, and, except that it includes no memoir, is all that the most exacting could desire.

Photo F. Mason Good. **Charles Kingsley's Grave.**

Kingsley died on Jan. 23rd, 1875, and was buried on the 28th at Eversley.

"In Eversley Churchyard his wife has placed a white marble cross, on which, under a spray of his favourite passion-flower, are the words of his choice, the story of his life:—

Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus.

And above them, circling round the cross, 'God is love,' the keynote of his faith."—"Life of Charles Kingsley."

NELSON AND HIS CAPTAINS. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

There has never been a more formidable fighting machine than the British navy during the Napoleonic wars, and its efficiency was almost entirely due to Nelson and the seamen of his school. Our great sea-hero and his captains not only revolutionised naval strategy, but also left their mark on nearly every branch of naval administration and organisation. Any one of the famous "band of brothers,"—for so Nelson called the captains who were fortunate enough to serve under him—would have attained great fame had he lived at a time when there was no Nelson to monopolise the imagination of the human race. Troubridge, Hallowell, and Saumarez are now little more than names, though they were all sea-captains of the very first rank. It is well that they should not be forgotten by the English-speaking peoples, and Dr. Fitchett has rendered a great service by presenting the story of their careers in that vivid and picturesque manner of which he is so complete a master. Every boy should have this book placed in his hands, and if he is worth his salt he will learn from these pages: patriotism, loyalty to duty, and a high standard of manliness and honour.

Notes on New Books.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

There is a sad interest in turning the pages of what will probably be the last volume from the pen of that bright, observant writer, Mrs. E. T. Cook. In **From a Woman's Note-Book** (5s.) the author, having looked critically at life as it passed before her, with its fashions, phases, and follies, wrote down her opinions and some of her experiences of these, and their resultant effects. Here we have a sharp but kindly description of a tour made with a High School girl, out of whom all appreciation of nature and art had been squeezed to make room for the natural science, art—history, and so forth, in which the boring young person shone so brilliantly in her school reports. Literary ladies, modern novels, morbidity, surface knowledge, are among the subjects criticised here. Mrs. Cook did not shriek; she was ever courteous, interesting, and amusing, and it is a great pleasure to have her clever papers collected in this volume.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

A full, long novel comes to us from Messrs. Chapman and Hall. This is **The Ways of the Millionaire** (6s.), by Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G.; and to readers who like a story leisurely yet exciting, with many characters in it and many motives, with strong men and worldly women, yet possessing true romance and natural sentiment, it will bring genuine pleasure and satisfaction. The millionaire himself is neither vulgar nor insistent, and his "ways," though they work into some realistic pages about money-making and the money market, are not the ways expected of the millionaire of fiction. All the elements of a quickly moving story are here, but there is unlooked-for worth also in the subtle observation which Mr. Crawfurd reveals in his characterisation. It is not that we do not look for it from Mr. Crawfurd, but that we are too often asked to do without the more delicate work in full, vivid novels of this kind. In "The Ways of a Millionaire" several men, and at least one woman, are shown us, who must have demanded of their author thought beyond the ordinary.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

There is something about Katrina Trask's new novel, **Free, Not Bound** (6s.), which recalls the spirit and charm of an earlier book, also by an American writer—viz., "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland. The likeness is not very definite, perhaps, but it is pleasing. In Miss Trask's story we have a gradual outward estrangement between a devoted husband and wife, owing to opposite natures, thoughts, and early environment. David is New England, Elizabeth is Old England, David is rigid in his ideas of worship and duty, Elizabeth is emotional, impatient, scandalising the meeting-house and the deacons thereof. Then comes the struggle between the Old World and the New, a long and difficult parting, a delayed but complete reuniting, when the husband has learned that duty may become a slavery, and the wife, that any slavery is cheap when bought by love. A pretty story told with liveliness and genuine feeling.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In something under three hundred pages Dorothea Deakin writes of **The Smile of Melinda** (3s. 6d.), the havoc it wrought and the work it accomplished. Melinda was of the "irresistible" class of heroines, and Miss Deakin proves it conclusively. Melinda was irresistible in a washed-out pink cotton gown, or in apple-green with pansies in her hair, or in tears, or in disgrace; and no one will be at all surprised that her husband married her in spite of the experiences she had given him, and loved her after eighteen years of married life and a continuation of experiences. This is a novel of the "frothy" order; but whether that order does or does not please the inquiring reader as a rule, we can affirm that this novel is bright, witty without straining after effect, and well finished off.

THE SCOTS PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO.

Mr. J. J. B., of "Wee Macgreegor" fame, has passed from youth to age in the subject chosen for his observant humour. **Mistress McLeerie** (1s. net) is an elderly "Glesca" woman, with a strictly worthy but rather overbearing husband, and a kindred spirit in the form of "Mrs. Munro," a lady who shares a dish of the McLeerie tea occasionally, cheers up her hostess, borrows her stuffed birds when entertaining on the occasion of her own silver wedding, and discusses the affairs of life and their own inner circle with spirit and shrewdness. The friends of the small Glasgow boy, who came across the border and set us all smiling, will be glad to get back into "Wee Macgreegor's" atmosphere again. Mr. Bell pretends to no "sensations," but he takes his readers into real life and helps them to see it with a laughing eye and feel it with a kind heart.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND CO.

There may still be found the wonderful, the seldom-trodden, the unhackneyed country by any traveller who chooses to seek it in the region described by Mr. George Wharton James in his volume on **The Indians of the Painted Desert Region** (10s. 6d. net). Danger there is at times in crossing this land of the petrified forest, the Vampire river, the prehistoric ruins; but for new scenes, new ex-

perieaces, new interests it is a rich, though so barren, land. Men, women, and children are to be found in these almost unknown regions, and the photographs of them, presented by the author, offer interesting contrasts in types of feature. The Painted Desert, to be read of in this book, written by a man who has devoted years of his life to the exploration and study of it, seems almost a mythical land, so dry and desolate, yet with patches of gorgeous colouring, so awful with its "devastating blackness" and pits, and "gardens of hellish cauliflowers and cabbages of forbidding black lava," yet with verdant mountains and silvery streams. For the man who needs a new sensation that is the land, and this the book.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.

All persons who are interested in the important question of alien immigration will do well to read Mr. Francis H. E. Palmer's volume on **Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country** (3s. 6d. net). With a richness in natural resources exceeded by very few European countries, the workpeople there endure almost incredible distress and poverty, and their inclination to emigrate is therefore strong. As the physical condition of a large proportion entails their rejection by the United States, England is the land of the choice of the undesirable majority. There is much more, however, in this pertinent little volume than the conditions of the workpeople; and to many who think of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as represented by gay, beautiful Vienna, the chapters on the very important country life, the politics, the educational arrangements, and industries, will come as a surprise, so very much alive are all classes, and so strong their opinions, so hot their feelings. Vienna—even Vienna is exchanging her aristocratic character for a plutocratic; but still her beauty lasts and increases, and she hides her poor away. Behind her splendour a woman may be earning fourpence as a return for eighteen hours' labour, but the city's general light-heartedness is still unrivalled by, perhaps, any other in the world.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

Miss Eleanor G. Hayden seems to have the good brown earth in her blood, if one may be allowed the expression. Her former books were genuine examples of pastoral writing, and her new volume, **Turnpike Travellers** (6s.), comes like a fresh breeze across the stirring earth on a spring morning. In her seventeen chapters she asks us to be, with her, "turnpike sailors," as the Berkshire peasant terms the wanderers "who roam the countryside as a mariner roams the sea." And while in her company she tells us tales of rustic heroism, courtship and humour, of rural ways, old customs, and odds and ends of matter-of-course habit and antiquity. To all this she adds some good and uncommon recipes, old and tried. A book such as this proves for our comfort how much of true rurality is left in England. We ourselves have seen a team of oxen ploughing in Oxfordshire, and grain reaped with the curved sickle in Berkshire; and that this should be within a hundred miles of London is a satisfying recollection, to which Miss Hayden's book adds assurances pleasant to believe.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

America sends us many bright books, and many, many books about her wars—for America is yet too young to take her wars calmly; but a combination of brightness and war which is very entertaining comes to us in **The Spirit of the Service** (6s.), written by Edith Elmer Wood. The brightness is the brightness of spirited men and girls who, as Sue Ballinger said, "actually converse"; the war was with Spain, when the navy did considerable work, and one or two of the book heroes were heroes indeed. The Spirit of the Service is the feeling, emotion, call it what you will, which fills and inspires with loyalty and courage soldiers and sailors and carries them through the toughest jobs; woven in with this is the pain which comes from an undeserved slur of "neglect of duty" cast upon an honourable man, and the interest of some very appealing love episodes. It is an attractive book, well worth a second reading.

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALLS COMPANY.

Dr. James M. Campbell has done a good act in writing this volume of composite character sketches, **Typical Elders and Deacons** (4s. net); for deacons and elders have assuredly suffered at the hands of novelists. Rightly so, perhaps, in many cases; but it is well to see the reverse side of the shield, and remember that if many a man has schemed, and occupied the prominent position for the sake of self-importance and power, many a man has also spent himself, his time, and his substance in unpaid work for his church. These sketches are humorous, they hit off foibles, but they reveal beauties of character; while a finger is placed on faults a kindly light is shed on harmless weaknesses. One of the truest things that can be said of the volume is that deacons and elders—with few exceptions—will enjoy the reading of it as much as will their ministers and the rest of the congregations.

MESSRS. SEELEY AND CO.

Miss Beatrice Marshall has, as is probably well recognised by this time, not only inherited her mother's charm of story-telling, but has found her inspiration in the same field. Her latest book, **An Old London Nosegay** (5s.), purports to be the day-book of a certain Mistress Lovejoy Young, "a kinswoman by marriage of the Lady Fanshawe," and daughter of a clever organist in the time of Charles I. Married a few months after Strafford's death-day, she walked in the midst, so to speak, of tragic times, and lived close to the events which preceded and followed the execution of her King. The story, however, is by no means one of historical events or Royal tragedy, but one of simple folk living in a time of vicissitude; a story, too, which brings in with much naturalness and intimacy such noted names as those of Milton and his wife, Selden, Hobbes, Waller, Abraham Cowley, and others. We will not speak of this as a girl's story, for it is of wide and general interest, but as a book for girls it could scarcely be bettered.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

All the ethics of Love and Marriage are dealt with by the grandmother in E. C. Harvey-Brooks' book, **Marriage and Marriages** (4s. net). Two parts are addressed to Single Folk, and Part III. to Married Folk; and the talk and advice throughout are practical without losing sight of the ideal. Joys, qualms, rifts, reactions, being in love with love, marrying for money, bliss, disillusion, and the almost countless phases which precede and follow love and marriage provide the author with material for pleasant and sound writing, and an anecdote for nearly every occasion with which lovers can be faced, or situation in which they can find themselves. Mrs. Harvey-Brooks does not disbelieve in love at first sight, but she says "it can be dealt with," and she affirms and advises. One thing among many she insists on as being necessary to mutual happiness, and that is mutual truth and candour. "A Scotchman once said, 'Honesty is the best policy, *I hae tried baith*.' In love affairs 'I hae *seen* baith,' and can speak of what I know." The shrewd publishers have bound this book in white, with suggestive designs in gold.

Reprints and New Editions.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

In three delicately pretty volumes of green and gold Mr. Murray presents **The Journal of Montaigne's Travels** (15s. net), a wise, human, strong, and weak piece of self-revelation which is far too little known. Those who know Montaigne only from his "Essays" know him as a fine thinker and a writer of exquisite grace; but those who come to him in his "Travels" are nearer to Montaigne the man. They see him as a traveller faced with the exigencies and pleasures of the journey; they also see him as a searching inquirer, an interested observer, a just and cheerful spirit; they see also in a fresh light the Switzerland, Germany, Italy through which he made his way in the sixteenth century. Mr. W. G. Waters, who has translated, edited, introduced, and annotated the "Journal," has our thanks for bringing so much pleasure within our reach.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

These publishers are well fulfilling their promise to produce good and interesting reprints at a reasonable price. The volume of Charles Mackay's **A Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry** (5s.), and the other of Longfellow's translation of **Dante's Divine Comedy** (5s.), which have reached us, are beautiful leather-bound books, flexible, and soft green in colour, clear in type, and delightful to read from. As inexpensive gift books these would be difficult to improve upon.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

There is little doubt about the wide and hearty welcome which will be given to the new edition of Dean Farrar's remarkable book, **The Life of Christ** (10s. 6d. net). With an influence as wide as its reputation, it takes its place among the comparatively few modern books known throughout the world for worth and scholarship, while at the same time appealing to the heart and intelliegnce of the million. A sympathetic intimate Memoir of the late Dean, by Dr. W. Lefroy, Dean of Norwich, precedes the Life, helping each reader to realise and understand the patience, high intelligence, and integrity of the author. Over three hundred illustrations decorate this new edition.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JANUARY, 1904.

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